
THE
LIVING AGE

The World in Review

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Russia's Window on the West	<i>Vitalis Pantenburg</i>
What Science Means to Us	<i>Richard Aldington</i>
✓ The Confidante (A Story)	<i>Irène Nemirovsky</i>

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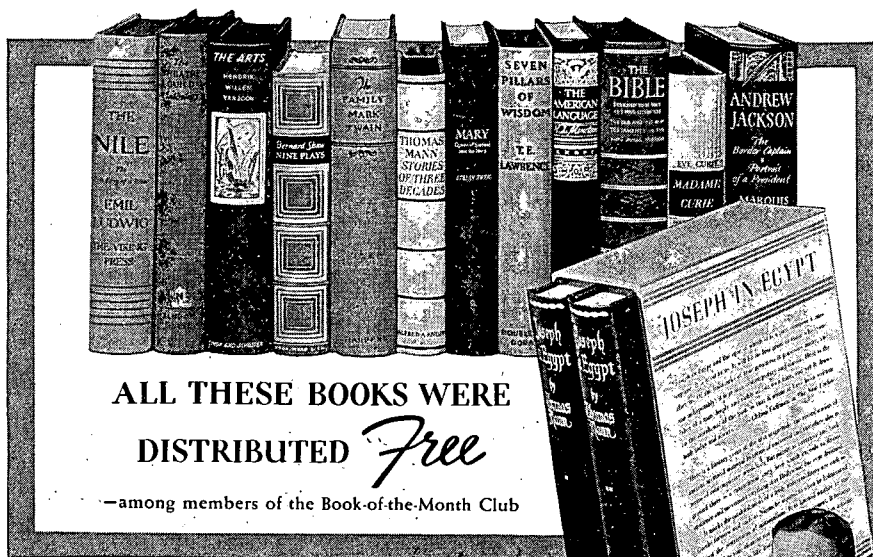
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THE LIVING AGE



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Subscribers are requested to send notices of changes of address three weeks before they are to take effect. Failure to send such notices will result in the incorrect forwarding of the next copy and delay in its receipt. Old and new addresses must both be given.

THE GUIDE POST

WHEN Paul Reynaud took Marchandau's place as Minister of Finance, his appointment was greeted in France with a sigh of relief, for he was supposed to be a man who, while standing on the Right, could see the point of view of the Left. However, his Plan has produced one of the deepest splits in France, emphasizing as it did France's definite step to the Right. In our group of articles, 'Reynaud's Plan' is discussed from two angles. The *Economist*, British authoritative financial weekly, sees it as a very possible solution to France's economic troubles. [p. 400] Léon Jouhaux, the John L. Lewis of France, who led the much-disputed one-day general strike, sees it as a 'Pyrrhic Victory' for the reaction for, as he claims, France cannot be saved without the coöperation of the workers. [p. 403]

RICHARD ALDINGTON, one of England's outstanding poets, gives us a poet's view of science. Its very important function, according to him, is to deflate man's ego and make him conscious of his proper place in the vast universe. [p. 406]

ONCE upon a time—when it suited his interests—the Pope called Mussolini 'The Man Sent by Providence.' Since then, however, there has been a deepening schism between the Vatican and the Party. Our article, 'Render Unto Caesar,' written by the editor of *Regime Fascista*, Roberto Farinacci, gives a clear picture of the impasse in which the Pope now finds himself as a result of blessing with his right hand what the left hand kept his eyes from seeing. [p. 410]

THE CHART entitled 'The Empire of Hunger,' whose figures have been taken from an official Italian source, drives home the point that malnutrition has been

growing steadily for the past few years in Italy. [p. 413]

IN THE following group we present the second act of the Munich Drama: Hitler's spreading influence to the East and how it affects the countries in his path. The first article deals with the authoritarian experiment of King Carol and his fight against the German economic domination of his country. [p. 414] The second discusses the precarious position of Poland, whose relations with Soviet Russia have been improving in proportion to her growing distrust of Germany. [p. 418] Much has been said about the part of Bohemia that has been handed over to Germany. Our third article, 'Dark Hours in Slovakia,' deals with the conditions in this less known region. [p. 419]

IN THE article entitled 'Russia's Window on the West,' Vitalis Pantenburg, expressing the viewpoint of German military circles, voices his apprehensions about Russia's activities on the Kola Peninsula. He claims that they are offensive rather than defensive and aim at the eventual subjugation of Finland, Norway and Sweden. Russia may well answer that hitherto it was not she who had perpetrated acts of aggression and that Germany herself has been exerting undue influence in the Scandinavian countries, with the ultimate purpose of attacking Russia. [p. 422]

OUR story of this month illustrates the old adage that youth and old age cannot understand each other. Irène Nemirovsky is well known as the author of *David Golder* and *Le Bal*. A Russian by birth, she does all her writing in French. [p. 427]

'THE dictatorship is born of the failure
(Continued on page 492)

THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844



January, 1939

Volume 355, Number 4468

The World Over

FOR HISTORIANS, a century or so hence, the year 1938 will prove a fruitful one. But for those who have lived through it, and who have been concerned with recording the chronology of current world affairs, it has been largely a year of disillusionment. That the masses continue to be led by the few, and that those few are in the main swayed by purely selfish motives, is nothing new. What is so tragic is the increasingly apparent fact that those selfish motives have been disastrously unsound, both economically and from a humanitarian standpoint. The policy of Nazi appeasement, practiced by a growing number of European diplomats, has proven one of folly. Yet even in this country, now the last stronghold of the vanishing democracies, there is a strong, if silent, sympathy in certain powerful quarters toward the Nazi form of government. These groups, while deploring the means used by Hitler and his imitators, at the same time maintain that the Nazi aims are to be admired.

It would seem that the events of the past year should be more than sufficient to lay bare the fallacies of the Nazi system. And at this time it would be well to remember that America was not founded in the dubious image of any European country, but rather in violent reaction to the decadence, politically and otherwise, of those countries from which our ancestors emigrated.

MEANWHILE QUEER THINGS ARE GOING ON down in Mexico that will bear close watching. The Mexican Government is supplying both the German and Italian navies with fuel oil. In return, Germany pledges to barter \$17,000,000 worth of oil refining machinery, farm machinery and such light goods as typewriters and cameras. The oil, from wells seized by President Lázaro Cárdenas last March from American, British and Dutch firms, is refined in Houston, Texas, where it is taken under bond without payment of duties. The residue is shipped to Germany and Italy for naval fuel and the gasoline to France and England.

It is, indeed, a strange spectacle to see President Cárdenas, who is a radical, supplying the petroleum to the two most detested foes of radicals the world over.

To add to the complications below the Rio Grande, payment was ordered for two expropriated Italian estates which were personally divided among the peasants by President Cárdenas, the amount being about \$250,000. The additional bank loans on the property, totaling \$400,000, were cancelled. Meanwhile, expropriated American-owned land amounting to \$18,000,000, will be indemnified—in 18 years. Nothing definite has yet been reached regarding payments for the extremely valuable oil holdings.

What offers serious, more immediate consideration, however, is the apparently gradual supplanting of Communist-style radicalism in Mexico by an insidious Nazi ideology. In time we may wake up to find that we have a Nazi neighbor on our southern doorstep. This would prove extremely dangerous in view of our already strained relations with Berlin.

NAZI COMMERCIAL PENETRATION in South America, rather more than the impenetration of political doctrines through propaganda, is one of the principal topics under discussion by the Pan-American Conference now meeting at Lima, Peru. In his keynote speech, Dr. Carlos Concha, Peruvian Foreign Minister and President of the Conference, warned against the implanting of artificial methods of commerce in South America in an unmistakable reference to the German barter deals. This reference was all the more interesting in view of the active barter trade Germany is carrying on with Peru.

But the possibility of economic reprisals by Germany as a result of a positive front of the Americas against military, economic and ideological invasions of this hemisphere, as proposed by Secretary of State Hull and the Central American republics, have met with a strong opposition by Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Paraguay, Bolivia and Uruguay, which carry on a large trade with Germany. Cuba, Colombia and

Venezuela are supporting the Hull proposal. The result of the conference will, in all likelihood, be: 'no special bilateral pacts.'

AS A WORLD POWER of the second degree and a natural leader of South America, where, despite Pan-American conferences, North American tutelage is resented, Argentina has become alertly conscious of the weight she carries in southern continental affairs. Now, having played a leading rôle in the settlement of the difficulties between Bolivia and Paraguay over the Gran Chaco, Argentina is preparing to take the conciliated rivals under her wing. There is a growing impression that if Argentina, Bolivia and Paraguay are willing and able to get together in 'a system of sensible economic coördination,' they can form the nucleus of a Spanish-speaking United States of South America to their mutual advantage and as a natural part of the inevitable progress of the Atlantic countries south of the Equator.

The new Argentine Foreign Minister, Dr. José Maria Cantilo, is known to harbor the belief that the time must come when Argentina must expand in her own sphere of influence. Argentina's natural outlet, if she is not to conflict with the interests of Brazil and Chile, also potential continental expansionists, lies toward Paraguay and Bolivia. Paraguay already is in the Argentine economic orbit, and does the bulk of her trade with the Argentine. Essentially an agricultural State, Paraguay is handicapped by the competition of Argentina and she would benefit by an economic union. Bolivia, landlocked in the west, is rich in mineral resources—a natural complement to the agricultural States. The situation, still in the wishful thinking stage, already has South America wondering what the future holds.

ONE RESULT OF THE MUNICH PACT was the agreement by Italy to evacuate its nationals from Spain. A large number of Italian combatants did leave Spain at that time—and the last obstacle to the Anglo-Italian Pact was withdrawn. However, a Russian correspondent of *Pravda*, writing from Barcelona, claims that even this partial evacuation, carried out so ostentatiously, was a farce. Those evacuated were only the wounded soldiers and officers, disabled during the Ebro offensive and that launched against Valencia, during which the Insurgents admittedly lost a great number of men. The Russian correspondent writes:—

Although the Italian divisions suffered great losses during the summer, their number was not further reduced by the evacuation, but increased. This is easy to explain. All the Italian contingents were reorganized and strengthened by constantly arriving troops and given new equipment—for the most part artillery. An entirely new Fascist division called 'May Ninth' has lately arrived. If you

consider that there are about 12,000 troops to every division, of which there are five in the Interventionist army—'Littorio,' 'March Twenty-Third,' 'Black Arrows,' 'Blue Arrows' and the new 'May Ninth'—then there are something like 60,000 Italians in Spain in one reinforced corps alone. The tank brigades, according to the stories told by prisoners after October 15, the date of 'evacuation,' consist solely of Italians. Arms are being constantly sent, as well as men. The Italian ships *Aquileia*, *Firenze*, *Franco Fascio* and the *Ullisse*, to name a few, are bringing over dismantled parts of pursuit planes, which are then sent to Seville to the assembling factories which also are served exclusively by Italians.

FOLLOWING THE JEWISH POGROMS in Germany in mid-November, the wrath of the world was so universally aroused that large-scale resettlement plans seemed to stand a chance of actually being carried out. But as the weeks have gone by, and this wrath has died down, it seems tragically possible that everything will remain as it was and that Hitler's hapless victims will be more or less left to their fate. True, charity organizations in this country and abroad are working day and night on various schemes, but it is impossible for anything to be accomplished without Government subsidies and open Government support.

The London *Economist*, commenting on Chamberlain's attitude, claims that:—

the program he announced was almost wholly exploratory and tentative. There was little or no room for large-scale settlement in the colonial Empire; but Kenya, Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland would investigate the possibilities for moderate immigration and the prospects of more numerous settlement on 50,000 acres in Tanganyika and 10,000 acres in British Guiana (already proved unfit for Assyrian settlers).

Yet Britain has done virtually nothing: the guarded policy of immigration which has let in only 11,000 refugees since 1933 still persists, apart from negligible token gestures, in gloomy contrast to the traditional generosity of France (only lately modified under unhappy conditions of stress) and to the recent open-handed offers of Holland and Belgium. True, the problem can only be solved internationally, but the world's charity cannot exceed the nations' readiness to give; and Britain, imperial, democratic and well-to-do, has special duties—as too have the British Dominions. Very many more refugees, Jewish or Aryan, might be admitted into this country to seek work or to train for settlement and farming in distant lands, without danger to our standards of life or employment, and with tangible advantage from the introduction of new skills and enterprise.

Following are the figures on the white population in England's colonial territory. The statistics are the latest available, all from the 1935 census, with the exception of Northern Rhodesia, where the last census was in 1931:—

	<i>Tanganyika</i>	<i>Kenya</i>	<i>Northern Rhodesia</i>	<i>Nyasaland</i>
Total	5,138,080	3,084,351	1,309,528	1,603,257
White	8,455	17,997	13,846	1,788

Tanganyika, despite its recent ballyhooing by Chamberlain, is only in parts suitable for settlement. Kenya's highlands, on the other hand, with a far milder climate and eminently more suitable for inexperienced colonizers, have pointedly *not* been suggested by Chamberlain.

During the past twenty years there have been two outstanding experiences of settlement of refugees on a large scale. One was the settlement of the Greeks from Asia Minor after the defeat of the Greek Army in 1922. The second has been the settlement of some 280,000 Jews in Palestine since 1920. For settling over 1,000,000 refugees from Asia Minor and Constantinople from 1923 to 1931 the League of Nations raised loans amounting to \$65,000,000. In the case of Palestine no less than \$400,000,000 has been invested for Jewish developments since 1923. If either financial grants or a guaranteed loan could be made available to the voluntary agencies now searching for a permanent solution, the problem might be solved.

It is felt in many quarters that the democratic Powers ought to look upon immigrant refugees as an addition to their economic resources rather than an embarrassment. Douglas Jay, City Editor of the London *Daily Herald*, comments:—

There is a strong presumption in these circumstances that immigration will bring an actual increase in our economic prosperity. Not unnaturally, the plain man fears that unemployment will be increased for a considerable period. But we must remember that refugees are consumers as well as producers, and consequently tend to increase employment as well as to offer their own services. In some trades temporarily unemployment might be increased; but over the whole community and over the long period I believe it would be reduced. And the nation would be enriched by the increase in productive power.

ONE OF THE STRANGEST THINGS about the refugee question is the apathy of the Russian Government. According to the British *Manchester Guardian*, it was some days before the pogroms of November 10 were reported in the Russian press, and, so far as one is aware, there has been no offer to help in finding them new homes. The Swedish *Social-Demokraten* summed up what even sympathizers with Russia think, when it said the other day:—

Even today Russia calls herself a Socialist and proletarian State. No party and no country has boasted of her international and proletarian solidarity as often as the Communists and the Russians. What have they done to assist the Socialist refugees? Nothing. Is it not lamentable that there should be any problem of Socialist refugees in view of the existence of a Socialist Power with 180,000,000 inhabitants and, practically speaking, a continent at its disposal?

It has been repeatedly said that Russia was justified in keeping out people who do not agree with her doctrines and might undermine what she has aspired to build up in twenty years. It has also been said that in

admitting Jewish refugees the much abused slogan that Communists are always Jews would be revived. Yet one wonders whether it is really justifiable to ask a drowning man for his *Weltanschauung* before rescuing him.

Russia's lukewarm attitude in this matter is well expressed in the following piece from *Pravda*, by Alexei Tolstoi:—

It is not enough to protest. Indignation and hatred of the Nazis should be rather transmitted into a resolution to create conditions that would do away with the system in which this bloody terror is made possible. Two ways are open to humanity. One leads from the desolation that was the World War to a particularly hopeless and dreadful form of slavery. Germany follows this road, covered with the blood of the Jews. The other road is the path of the Soviet Union, the road of justice and love for humanity. The Jewish women deprived of shelter and food turn their faces to the workers of the world and implore them to follow the second road, the only way of truth and justice.

Now seems to be a good occasion for the Soviet Union to show her love for humanity.

IN FRANCE a rapidly falling birth rate is a problem even more important than the present deficit in production and finances. For 1937 the French birth rate was the lowest in Europe, the number of marriages had decreased, and the death rate was higher than in any other country of Europe. While the death rate exceeded the birth rate by 12,000 a year, that is, only 2 per cent, the vital deficit was in reality much greater. Taking into consideration the fact that the average Frenchman lives less than sixty years, the rate of mortality thus becomes 18 out of every thousand a year. Since the percentage of births is only 14.7 per thousand, the French lack 20 per cent of the number of births necessary to maintain the population. In round figures, there is a deficit of 125,000 births a year that are necessary to keep France from losing its status as a first rate Power. The *Temps*, reviewing these facts with a great deal of dismay, suggests fostering a family cult. It claims that one of the reasons why the Popular Front reforms failed was, that while they tried to increase the purchasing power, they could not cope with the growing lack of consumers in France.

IN 1899, SECRETARY OF STATE JOHN HAY, who had been well-tutored for his Cabinet post in Washington while serving as Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, promulgated what is known as the 'Open Door' policy in China. The Open Door itself was a British invention to safeguard its already large 'spheres of influence' in China and, dressed up in a highly moral tone, it appealed to John Hay who, acting on 'suggestions' from London, instigated the Open Door at a time when

Russia was encroaching on British interests in Manchuria, and Germany was edging into Shantung. Hay's proposal naturally delighted England—and has been a source of serious trouble for the United States ever since.

Last month, Japan closed the Open Door following a rather severe note to Tokyo from Secretary Cordell Hull warning Japan not to slam it shut. The American note was sent in October, but was silently ignored by Tokyo until November 3, when Japan announced that 'a new order has arisen in Asia,' and said, in effect, that the statesmen of the West had better read their newspapers to find out what was going on in the world.

This blunt statement did not settle well with either London or Washington, especially after Tokyo made it clear that the 'new order' was intended to be regarded as a solid politico-economic bloc welded out of Manchukuo and the 6,000,000 square miles of China's 'good earth' wrested from Chiang Kai-shek. The whole will be under Japanese protection, thus putting into effect Japan's own long-dreamed Monroe doctrine of 'Asia for the Asiatics.'

When the new Chinese Government, to be established under Japanese tutelage, is finally set up in Peiping, actual denunciation of the Nine-Power treaty, already pronounced obsolete by the Japanese press, will be announced. It is under the Nine-Power treaty, 'establishing and maintaining the principle of equal opportunity for the commerce and industry of all nations throughout the territory of China,' that the Open Door has been maintained. Now Japan has slammed it shut.

Under the announced 'new order' in Asia, foreign trade will not be excluded, but Western Powers will be expected to conduct their foreign trade on new principles which will no longer subject the 'New China' to the 'colonial system' of the past. To which the State Department in Washington replied:—

The attitude of the United States and the position of the United States Government in relations both with Japan, as with other countries, is governed and guided by generally accepted principles of international law, by provisions of treaties to which the United States and numerous countries—among them China and Japan—are parties, and by principles of fair dealing and fair play between the nations. This country's position with regard to the Far East has repeatedly been declared and this position remains unchanged.

Hull's statement was interpreted in Japan's Foreign Office quarters, according to the Kokumin 'as illustration of the fact that the United States has failed to awaken to the new actualities prevailing in the Far East as a result of Japan's successful military campaign in China; but is still clinging to the old concepts and tendencies relating to Asia embodied in the Nine-Power treaty.'

An exposition of the recent economic decree laws submitted by Reynaud and Daladier; and a rebuttal by France's foremost labor leader, Léon Jouhaux.

France Moves Right

I. THE REYNAUD PLAN

From the *Economist*, London Financial Weekly

FRANCE has grown accustomed in recent years to being governed by periodic batches of decree-laws, issued by Governments acting under plenary powers granted to them by the legislature. Familiarity might have been expected to breed at least indifference; but there is little doubt that a very genuine and widespread interest was aroused throughout France by the publication of M. Paul Reynaud's plan of financial reform. For a month after M. Daladier was granted plenary powers no decrees were forthcoming. The revelation, either that there was no plan or that, if there was, the Cabinet itself could not agree upon it, would have led almost to despair, had it not been for the simultaneous appointment to the crucial Ministry of Finance of M. Paul Reynaud, the one financial expert in active politics who

has established a reputation not only for knowing what he wants but also for being always right. M. Reynaud retired for five days into a silence whose impenetrability was almost unprecedented in French politics, and when his decrees were published, their nature and contents were almost completely unknown to the French public, impatiently waiting to know its fate.

It is easy then to understand the fact that the severe pages of the *Journal Officiel* were literally snatched in the streets from the hands of the newspaper sellers. Indeed, the *Journal* deserves to be a best-seller, for the text of the decrees is prefaced by a General Report, signed by the President of the Council and the Minister of Finance, which is one of the most forceful and brilliant State papers

that can ever have appeared in any land or tongue.

It is not very difficult to state what is wrong with the French economy. France, unlike other countries, has never recovered from the world depression. But, again, unlike other countries, she is not faced primarily with a problem of unemployment. Indeed, the Report estimates the total of unemployment, including even partial unemployment, at no more than 8 per cent of the working population, a lower figure than was attained in Great Britain even in last year's full prosperity. The French problem arises from the very low level at which the volume of industrial production obstinately lingers. This low level of production is due to a great variety of causes. But there is no longer any doubt in competent quarters in France or elsewhere that the labor legislation of 1936 is very largely responsible. Production has been hampered both by the rigid application of the forty-hour week and also by the almost perpendicular increases in labor costs resulting from shorter hours, paid holidays, higher wages and the other excellently intended reforms of *l'expérience Blum*.

Coupled with the problem of production is the perennial disarray of the public finances. A state of deficit is normal in France. But the figures in the Report show that, out of a national income of 250 billion francs, the State and other public bodies are spending 137 billion francs and borrowing 55 billions. These proportions are almost incredible—indeed, they are entirely incredible, for it is impossible to accept the assumption that the French national income is only about a quarter of the British. But whatever

may be the exact proportion of the national income represented by public expenditure, there will be no dispute that it is far too large. And as a result partly of the paralysis of production, partly of the budgetary chaos, France has been suffering from an almost total stoppage of that flow of capital into productive enterprise which serves the body economic as the circulation of its life-blood.

II

If the analysis of France's troubles is easy, the prescription of a cure is far less so. Some things, it is true, clearly need doing. The rigidities of the forty-hour week must be removed, and it must be made possible once again for every French industry to produce as much as it can sell. The sound substance of the social reforms of 1936 must remain: the worker must be treated as an equal and his remuneration must be the first charge upon industry. But if social reforms are driven—as they have been in France—so far as to paralyze all industry, the worker is the first to suffer. Serious attempts must be made to reduce the borrowings of the State to an amount that can be handled without entirely draining the national savings or entirely disorganizing the capital market.

In these two directions, M. Reynaud has proceeded with vigor. The labor decrees, in effect, remove all restrictions on the hours of labor. Forty hours remains merely as the point at which overtime rates of pay become payable. On the budgetary side, he has imposed new taxation which is estimated to produce 8¾ billions and arranged for economies

(mainly in public works), which will reduce expenditure by about 5 billions. With a small allowance for increased receipts from existing taxes, the prospective total to be found in 1939 from sources other than taxation is reduced from 55 billions to about 35 billions, against which the Treasury, as a result of the changes made in the Bank of France's balance sheet, has a balance of $10\frac{1}{4}$ billions. It would appear that something on the order of 25 billions will have to be borrowed. This is, on the Government's figures, a tenth of the national income; on this basis a corresponding figure in Great Britain would be about £500 millions. The budgetary problem is thus very far indeed from being solved; but it has been reduced to proportions that admit of some hope of successful handling.

Labor policy and budgetary reform, however, are only two members of the necessary trinity. Without a renewed and increasing flow of capital into French industry and commerce they will serve no useful purpose. There are two main and conflicting methods of getting French capital—especially that part of it which has fled abroad—back into French industry. The first method is to try to persuade it to move of its own free and unhampered will; the second is to try to compel it.

III

M. Reynaud has unequivocally and unapologetically chosen the former course. His whole plan is a logical attempt to persuade the French capitalist that France is a safe and profitable place for his money. He is promised, by implication, no further depreciation of the currency. The whole

tenor of the General Report goes to show that the Government's wish is to increase profits and reduce State intervention in industry. The budgetary changes are arranged in such a way as not to penalize the rich. Half of the tax increases come from indirect duties, and of the half to be raised by direct taxes much the largest part is to come from a new flat-rate tax on wages and salaries. There is, it is true, an increase of the general income tax, but its importance may be judged from the fact that it is expected to produce only 750 million francs or about £4 millions.

This is a powerful and courageous list of inducements to the capitalist. Will he respond? A substantial response is absolutely essential to the success of the plan. For the actions to be taken by the Government itself are deflationary: approximately 15 billions of budgetary deflation are offset by less than 7 billions of credit creation by the Bank of France. The success or failure of the plan depends entirely upon whether it secures a flow of private investment larger by more than 8 billions than was moving before M. Reynaud's advent.

The immediate response has been favorable, but not overwhelmingly so. The French capitalist may point out that he has to take account of two factors which are not in M. Reynaud's control: the fear of war and the fear of political instability. On this latter point, the omens are not altogether encouraging. M. Reynaud has hitherto been regarded as, in his own person, a bridge between the moderate Right and the Left. But by his decrees he has broken down the bridge; they complete that fissure in the Popular Front that was opened by M.

Daladier's speech at Marseilles. The alliance with the Socialists could hardly be expected to survive decrees which reverse *l'expérience Blum*, which tax the rich less heavily than the poor and which could only be confirmed if the whole of the Right unites its votes with those of the Radicals—a combination which has in it none of the possibilities of permanence. France's heart, it has been said, is always on the Left; her pocket always on the Right. M. Reynaud has set the pocket against the heart; he may be right, but the struggle is too equal for there to be over-much confidence in its outcome.

There will be an almost universal desire—certainly in England—that M. Reynaud's plan should succeed, and there are strong grounds for hoping that it will do so. It deserves success not only because it is, at an urgent moment, the only plan that is

in the field, but also because it is an honest and courageous attempt to reinvigorate the liberal system of free economy on which the democratic world has prospered. The alternative of a closed economy, with some form of exchange control as a symbol of compulsion, is not attractive—though it might very well be far less drastic, less difficult and less disastrous than is assumed in the somewhat denunciatory passage devoted to it in the Government's Report. Indeed, the objections to exchange control are as much political as economic, since it is advocated only by the Socialists, who do not offer an alternative Government; and if M. Reynaud's plan of liberal economy fails, the alternative could be applied only after a serious modification of the French democratic process. These are the high stakes for which M. Reynaud is playing. We shall all be the gainers if he succeeds.

II. A PYRRHIC VICTORY

By LÉON JOUHAUX

Translated from *Messidor*, Paris Labor Weekly

THE decree laws of the Daladier-Reynaud Government are a piece of iniquitous provocation, to both the labor and the middle class of France. Even viewed objectively, it is apparent that their aim is not to serve the 'general interest' of the nation.

This is self-evident in the fact that, while substantial sacrifices are now demanded again of both the aforementioned classes, MM. Daladier and Reynaud ask nothing of that clique which has disrupted the country's economy and its currency by the outright sabotage of enlightened social

and labor reforms. To this indictment should be added their multiple fiscal frauds, the flight of capital and the hoarding that has been permitted. The unadorned fact is that the Premier and his new Finance Minister, while on the one hand calling for the exercise of 'patriotism,' have on the other worked consistently in the interest of men who have betrayed the Third Republic.

The workers are affected in two ways. First, the new decrees demand the same sacrifices of them that are imposed on all other classes of tax-

payers and consumers—in the case of labor, however, the sacrifices are greater since the taxation program of the government will directly boost the cost of living, which the workers are least prepared to withstand. But they are also affected by the destruction of those hardly-won social reforms of 1936, *i.e.*, the destruction of the forty-hour week, the right of collective agreements and of workers' representation in industry.

The real aims of the decrees are, of course, hidden behind a beguiling shrubbery of ambiguous and hypocritical explanations. Nevertheless, none but a child could fail to see that their real purpose is to emasculate the victories that labor achieved two years ago.

II

Such reaction dominates the Cabinet today that even the most obvious consequences of these decrees are ignored. It is speciously argued that certain of the decrees will tend to increase production, among them the suppression of the forty-hour week. The opposite is the case. To deprive workers of the forty-hour week spells strikes, and strikes mean that industry will be slowed. Regarded from still another angle—as viewed by the Nantes Congress—the application of this particular decree will decrease the purchasing power of the consumer and further aggravate the trials of France by raising prices. In other words, the effect merely again accentuates the disparity between production and consumption. The national economy will be stifled even more than before. Recovery will never be achieved this way.

Meanwhile, where are the promised

compensations? Where are the measures that will ostensibly spur industrial activity? The Daladier-Reynaud Government cannot escape the accusation of bad faith.

Daladier and Reynaud have in effect knuckled down to the blackmail practices of Big Business, and awarded it a free hand. The two Ministers claim they are seeking the confidence of the capitalists. But they assume that such a confidence can only be given to a complacent government. Particularly at this moment, when totalitarian States are intervening in the domestic affairs of France, and seeking to dictate its policy, it is scandalous to see a democratic Government sacrificing the popular will to the calculations of predatory business.

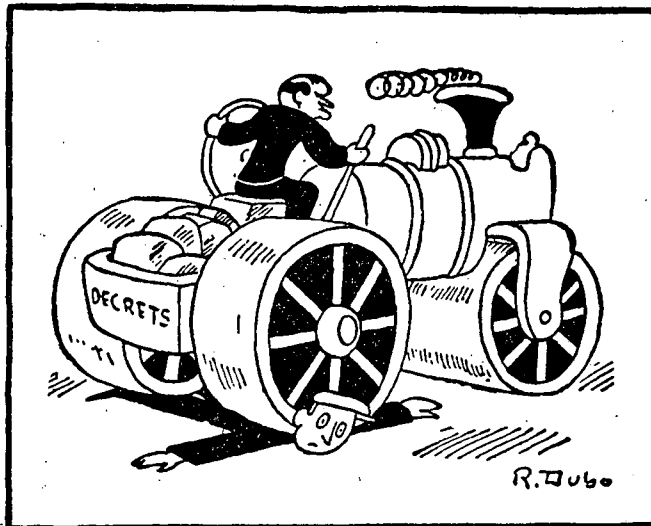
Financial feudalism being appeased, the Government is looking for a solution to the economic situation in measures taken against labor. Can the Cabinet believe that economic and financial recovery of a country can be achieved without the coöperation of the working class? That its principles can be neglected? That the workers have become peons of whom the authorities can dispose at will?

The workers know their duty. If the workers repulse the decree laws, in which they can only find injustice and whose disastrous effects they are bound to denounce, it is not because they are indifferent to the situation in which the country now finds itself. They know that there must be sacrifices and that a great effort is needed. They are ready to make their share of sacrifices; but they don't intend to be the only ones to make them—while they see the very privileged elements that are responsible for this situation profiting at their expense. The General

Confederation of Labor has always given its attention to the economic and financial problems of the country. It has had to combat the policy of the Government; but never has it done so in a purely negative way. It has had to denounce the lies of all those who prematurely announced the success of a policy of inflated taxation and deflation, but it has never protested without proposing logical remedies, such as the rationalization of indus-

tries by the Government and the reorganization of the entire economic set-up.

Our duty is to condemn the decree laws, to try by every means in our power to prevent the triumph of reaction that is responsible for them. France cannot remain in its present situation, but it is impossible to believe that she can change it by laws which will lead to domestic collapse and impotence before foreign enemies.



From *Humanité*, Paris

DALADIER STRAIGHTENS THINGS OUT.

What place is reserved for science
in the lives of unscientific laymen?

What Science Means *to* Us

By RICHARD ALDINGTON

From *John O'London's Weekly*
London Popular Literary Weekly

SCIENTISTS naturally dislike to have laymen expounding their own views of subtle and complicated matters which they (the laymen) probably don't understand. However, they can't prevent us from picking up the crumbs from the rich men's tables. And if we pick up the wrong crumbs or pick them up unintelligently or get indigestion from them, that's our affair. To change the metaphor—what the layman has to do for the sake of his own mental coherence is to come to terms with what the scientists hand him out. Nor, to be frank, do I think science is such a bag of mysteries as some people like to pretend. An ordinarily intelligent person can follow the main lines of inquiry and discovery, however incompetent he may be to criticize them.

My intention here is rather confessional than critical, for I have been trying to answer the vague and trite question, 'What does science mean to me?' I must begin by admitting that my interest in these matters has

waxed and waned at different times in my life. My motive was always that of intellectual curiosity, a wish to find out what was known and what was being thought about it, as distinct from any consecutive study. I have never, for instance, given to science the time and energy given up to nearer interests, such as Italian painting or French literature.

I feel friendly toward science because I think it tends to free one's mind from superstitious fears (Lucretius!) and discourages *a priori* dogmatism. It recognizes change and discourages sophistry. It knocks the egocentric conceit out of man by the vastness of its time-scale, the immensity of its scale of development. I find it impossible to suppose that the spiral nebulae were created for man's supposed purposes. When we descend from these awe-inspiring immensities to this little planet and its curious phenomenon of life, science still works on a majestic scale.

I like the way it brings out the inter-

ward all together, instead of in anarchical confusion, that venerable structure would leap a foot in the air. The chance is, unluckily, very, very remote, so I don't advise you to spend much time hanging about Ludgate Hill in the hope of seeing it. But the possibility, however remote and unlikely, is a distinct consolation.

The fact that we have no control whatsoever over these events and that they have only the remotest bearing on our own lives is what makes them so interesting. The deepest satisfaction and greatest moral effect may come from knowledge which is entirely useless.

Bertrand Russell has pointed out that the range of science has gradually extended from astronomy, which is most remote from man, to physics, chemistry and geology, thence to biology and finally to man himself. This is natural. It was least dangerous to begin with what is most remote, for prejudice, though always lively, has not in such cases the added zest of egotism. Many a man today who is quite at ease on Mount Wilson will grow angry at the findings of psychology, and become positively offensive if you point out that his anger is very likely due to the discharge of adrenalin into his blood from a ductless gland. As to the sex hormones and their extremely interesting functions, fie upon them, never name them!

III

When we come to our planet we still find a considerable time-scale is needed. The geologist pleads for millions of years and long, slow oscillations of continents and ocean beds in order to accumulate his sedimentary

rocks. Mountains are slowly built up and slowly eroded. As we are at the beginning of a long epoch of quiescence in the earth's crust (barring a new hypothesis) our remote posterity, if it arrives, will inherit an earth without mountains. Let us hurry up and get a glimpse of the picturesque little Alps before they are washed away as detritus.

In this hankering for millions of years, the geologist is stoutly supported by the biologist who needs plenty of elbow room in time in order to get the planet arranged for life, to develop his amœbas into fishes, then into mammals. And even when he has the mammals, more time is needed to extract the large or possibly fat-headed human biped out of some remote cousin of the round-eyed spectral tarsia.

Other forms of science have greatly extended the time-scale for the history of man himself. A century ago history began with the Bible and Herodotus, and most people seriously believed that human history began in a garden in 4004 B.C., probably in October. Even Renan thought that the history of Israel, Greece, and Rome was all that really need concern a modern European from the remoter past.

A little over a century ago Champollion read the Rosetta stone and opened up the whole of Egyptian culture, which has proved to be more and more important in human development as knowledge of it has grown. By the simple process of looking instead of theorizing the 'amateur' Schliemann dealt a sickeningly fatal blow to Max Müllerism and its 'Aryan' obsession. It was only a step beyond this to investigate hundred-cited Crete, where Evans and others

WHAT SCIENCE MEANS TO US

relations of all living things, its minute, patient investigation of the life-process and its transmission, the slow recovery of forgotten phases of history and human development, the attempt to understand the workings of the human body and mind. All these things induce a genuine humility in regard to one's own importance, put one at peace with oneself and the outside world.

It is the mark of the common man to care for nothing but what he thinks touches him directly, to feel contemptuous about the past and to care nothing about the future. This unpleasing self-importance is destroyed by science. The astronomer, for instance, introduces us to such enormous units of measurement as the light year and the megaparsec, which by their very existence make the vociferating little advocates of self-importance at once look both small and ridiculous. The true grandeur of man comes from the fact that he can entertain concepts of such magnitude that by comparison the whole history of the human race becomes a trivial, almost irrelevant episode.

II

When the astronomer is a relativist, as for the time being he must be, he introduces us to such subtle conceptions as space-time continuum and the curvature of space. In some cases he astonishes us by believing that the universe may be expanding indefinitely, and he hands us picturesque but unthinkable numbers concerning the original diameter of the whole universe and the estimated numbers of island universes and electrons. Even for the astronomical age of the earth he may ask for as much as two thou-

sand million years. We need another Shakespeare to make such thought tangible, another Montaigne to tract their moral significance.

Einstein, de Sitter, Jeans, and Eddington may not be wholly right (they do not agree on everything, and they may modify or abandon some of their hypotheses), but I think they have unintentionally achieved one moral effect by reducing, for a time at any rate, the self-importance of some of their readers. In the face of such conceptions it becomes grotesque to make man the measure of everything and the center of all things, still more grotesque to argue that there is a conspiracy of galaxies to exalt one section of these feeble microscopic bipeds at the expense of others. If Herr Hitler had studied Einstein instead of persecuting him, he could scarcely have behaved as he has. The most superficial study of relativity, if undertaken honestly, should make a man a little magnanimous.

Similarly with the quantum theory (which seems to get modified bi-annually) and the structure of the atom, which gets more complicated and perplexing with nearly every new number of *Nature*. It may not increase our security and importance, but it should reduce our conceit to learn that, like everything else, we are ultimately only arrangements of electromagnetic wave-particles.

And in an existence over-burdened with far too many unintelligent rules it is distinctly a relief to find that these exceedingly small mathematical entities do not obey laws but behave in a spontaneous and irregular way. It is most gratifying to learn that if all the electrons in the foundations of St. Paul's suddenly decided to move up-

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scored the enormous triumph of discovering the pre-Aryan Minoan civilization. Still more recently, a new though most ancient civilization has been unearthed in the Indus valley. The problem of the origin of that curious human complex we call civilization has still not been solved, but they are hot on the trail. Culture after culture has been revealed, and today we are all familiar with such 'culture-sequence' terms as Chellean, Aurignacian, Mousterian and the like.

More intelligent scrutiny has created proto-history from myths, legends and customs formerly rejected as mere foolishness. Huge forgotten areas of the past have suddenly been restored to us, and the ingenuity of science has triumphed over the destruction wrought by barbarity and bigotry.

Certain thinkers are beginning to reason about all this newly acquired knowledge. Supported by the unexpected alliance of psychologists, they are asking whether unpleasant and dangerous traits supposed to be inherent in human nature and therefore unchangeable, may not, in fact, be merely the natural errors of early civilizations prolonged by unthinking conservatism. Is it sufficient reason to continue irrational social habits, customs and organizations because they could think of nothing better in pre-dynastic Egypt and primitive India? Instead of clinging so obstinately to our prejudices why not coolly investigate their probable origins and weigh their worth against later knowledge?

It is here that we should consider the new conception of humanity to which science impels us. The old prejudices have to go. While the

physicist reduces us to wave-particles of energy, the chemist at an earlier stage of analysis expresses us in chemical formulae. However much we clothe ourselves in the shining armor of superiority, nothing can alter the fact that we are all 51 per cent water. Then along comes an embryologist, shows us the astonishing resemblance between a very young human embryo and that of a chick.

Nor need we stop there. Morgan and other geneticists, following up Mendel, are busy investigating chromosomes and genes. The Fruit-fly *Drosophila* is making history. Meanwhile physiologists are quietly pointing out that passions and personalities we think so important are to a considerable extent determined by secretions of the ductless glands. Deprive us of thyroid and we are cretins; give us too much adrenalin and we become murderous assassins. The bogies and goblins of the unconscious are being tracked down and may be exorcised. If irrational fear, as distinct from rational forethought, is obliterated, what shall we have to fight wars about? In moments of optimism one foresees a splendid future for sanity—and then someone brings in a newspaper. . . .

Here, within the scope of a few years' reading, you may contemplate the most superb view of the nature of things man has ever attained. Each science links up with others and gives us a cosmogony both awe-inspiring and tranquillizing. Let us be grateful that our brief consciousness gives us even a glimpse of such majestic and beautiful processes. It gives such point and gusto to the living of life here and now.

A prominent Italian journalist reveals the ever-widening cleavage between the Holy Father and the Fascist Party.

Render *Unto Caesar*

By ROBERTO FARINACCI

Translated from *Regime Fascista*, Cremona Fascist Daily

THE fundamental problem in the Fascist's political life today is his conviction that the principles of collectivity are preëminent and that the individual himself is negligible. This was the subject of an address by the Holy Father, as reported in the Catholic daily of Bologna, *L'Avenire d'Italia*, speaking to five hundred French pilgrims at Castelgandolfo.

'It is too often affirmed today,' the Pontiff said, 'that collectivity is everything and that the individual is nothing. This is not the doctrine of the Church. It is an error to say that all should go to the State and nothing to the individual, but it is no less erroneous to hold the contrary doctrine, that the individual is everything and the State nothing. Truth, like virtue, lies ever in the middle path.'

Let us pass over this construction of virtue which recalls the old Aristotelian doctrine, so far removed from Christianity, that is still taught in seminaries. We wish only to point out that the sheltered position of the Holy

Father leads one to believe that he is not altogether clear as to the Fascist conception of the individual and of the State.

Fascism cannot conceive of an individual remaining outside the State, as though suspended in space, nor of a State existing outside the individual. Were this the case, need would arise of dividing the sphere of influence between them. How much to one and how much to the other? The Anarchists assert, 'Everything for the individual and nothing for the State;' the Communists hold, 'Everything for the State, nothing for the individual;' and the Catholic Church maintains, 'A little for each.' But how much? How far?

The State, in the Fascist view, is not an entity foreign to the individual or standing in constant opposition to him; rather is it the very fount of authority and liberty, the supreme, universal and necessary aim of his life. Through it the individual participates, by his work, in the creation of

civilization, which cannot be limited to the moral struggle between the spirit and the flesh.

The Fascist State, otherwise expressed, is the necessary guide, the supreme authority which interprets the will of God and realizes it through the work of all individuals. The liberty of the individual coincides perfectly with obedience to the State, that is to say, with the realization of that ultimate good for which the individual himself lives and works and through which he becomes a participant in history and in the divine life.

The Holy Father has also pointed out that the Fascist creed—'all must belong to the State and nothing to the individual'—might have more serious consequences 'by making of collectivity a thing divine.' He denied that the State can be truly 'totalitarian,' and claimed that in all the principles which he subjects to criticism 'there might be detected a certain amount of usurpation.'

Here we are returning to the old concept of Don Sturzo, based on a childish medieval philosophy, that the State is a system of low public utilities—for the building of bridges and roads, the cleaning of cesspools, the stamping of letters, the conviction of criminals, that it is devoid of ethical content, spiritual value, real sovereignty, or authority.

II

Let no one think we exaggerate. This is, without any doubt, the ecclesiastical pretension that we have had to deduce from the entire discourse of the Pontiff. The second pretension, explicitly stated, is that 'collectivity' has, *in se*, 'nothing divine.'

We oppose to the first of these two pretensions the view that medieval philosophy has always been ignorant of history, whereas modern thought, which is profoundly Christian, feels and venerates God, the Creator—who has revealed Himself repeatedly in history—and exalts the State, which is the subject-matter of history, as the interpreter and executor of God in history.

As to the second pretension, let us recall with profound religious enthusiasm that it was Christianity that taught us to recognize in man the Son of God and the incarnation of the spirit. In short, precisely because we are Christians, we no longer wish to be idolaters of the truths inspired from Saint Thomas Aquinas, but rather the makers of the truths inspired in us by God, and obedient to the creative spirit which dwells within us.

If the Church educates men to spiritual life, the State alone can guide them in their activities; if the Church prepares them for eternal life and blesses those who, fighting, will rise again in God, the State alone knows and wants to guide them to the fight it deems necessary.

The Holy Father, however, has long been acquainted with this Fascist thought, because Il Duce, even before he was called 'The Man Sent by Providence,' had enunciated his doctrine of the authoritarian and totalitarian State. And this idea of a totalitarian State was so appealing that on the occasion of the Concordat, authoritarian measures were demanded against those individuals professing a faith other than the Christian faith. But if the Fascist State imposes its law upon individuals—the law indeed of the individual—it has no intention

of stifling the manifestations of any religious cult, if that cult does not obstruct the mission of the State.

We wish to add, in conclusion, that the question of the duties of the State, which is of a purely political nature, cannot be defined as a religious issue; nor will we be silenced with the old story that we are not true Catholics if we discuss the religious statements of the Holy Father. We have on this point precise precedents. As has already been said, the Duce—who is indeed the man sent by Providence and, as well, the infallible interpreter of Fascism—has written:—

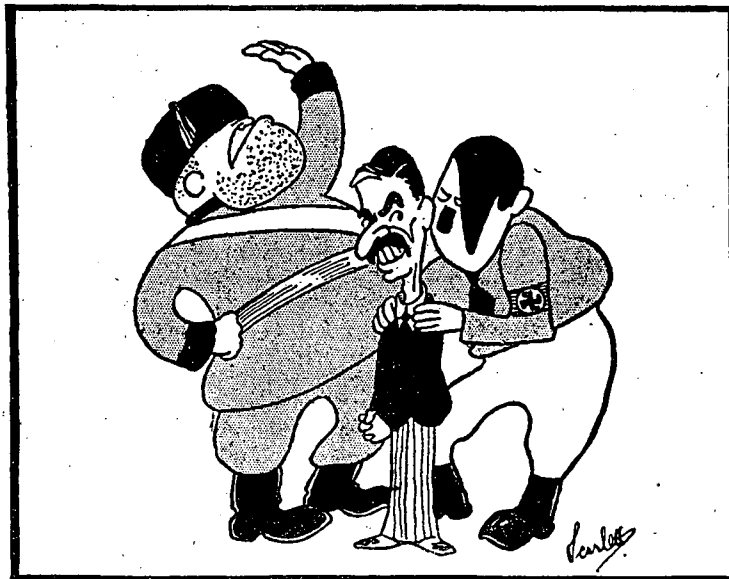
‘The Fascist State revindicates fully its ethical character; it is Catholic, but it is Fascist . . . exclusively, essentially Fascist. Catholicism completes it, and we declare this openly,

yet let no one think that he can shift the cards on the table by resorting to philosophical and metaphysical tricks.’

And, should this not suffice, one may quote this second passage:

‘One of the fundamental duties of the Fascist State or, rather, its fundamental aim, is the system of totalitarian and integral preparation of the Fascist man.’

We wish to stress, besides, the hope that in his *n*th speech, the Holy Father did not choose to praise France—in view of the fact that the pilgrims were French—where free-thinking, Free-Masonry, the Synagogues and lay laws reign instead of the State; where triumphs negative liberty—‘let-each-man-do-as-he-pleases-providing-I-can-do-as-much’—which is equivalent to free will without honor or duty.



MUSSOLINI:—Behave, and we'll let you keep Gibraltar

The Empire of Hunger

ANNUAL PER CAPITA CONSUMPTION OF FOODSTUFFS IN ITALY

From the *Nuovo Avanti*, Paris Italian-Émigré Weekly

[These figures were taken from an Italian official publication, *Compendio Statistico Italiano*, 1937. They are an eloquent revelation of the drop in the standard of living of the Italian people under the Fascist régime. Of the 29 items mentioned in the table of figures, an increase in consumption from 1926 to 1936 has been registered in but three; three others have remained stationary, and 23 have fallen off. Particularly significant are the decreases registered in the consumption of wheat (—16.7 per cent), sugar (—26.4 per cent) and beef (—18.6 per cent).]

							Percentages of change from 1926-30 to 1936		
Measures		1926-30	1931	1932	1933	1934	1935	1936	
Wheat flour	kg.*	142.5	125.0	131.1	132.7	120.6	119.4	118.6	-16.7
Corn Meal	"	27.6	27.3	26.4	23.7	25.1	25.5	24.2	-12.3
Rice	"	6.2	6.7	6.2	5.0	6.1	7.1	7.1	+14.5
Beans	"	5.0	5.1	5.4	4.8	4.9	5.0	4.0	-20.0
Potatoes	"	35.4	32.3	46.3	35.1	39.8	25.8	29.6	-16.4
Tomatoes	"	19.9	14.3	14.0	14.2	14.1	15.7	18.8	-6.0
Green vegetables	"	42.0	40.9	42.1	36.1	33.9	34.6	38.6	-8.1
Fresh fruit	"	40.9	37.4	48.7	45.1	36.4	36.9	29.7	-27.4
Dried fruit	"	20.4	17.2	14.3	17.2	15.4	15.6	13.0	-35.3
Sugar	"	9.1	8.2	6.8	6.5	7.3	7.0	6.7	-26.4
Coffee	"	0.9	0.8	0.8	0.7	0.7	0.8	0.6	-33.3
Meat	"	18.8	17.3	16.0	16.4	15.9	16.5	16.1	-14.4
beef	"	11.3	9.6	10.0	10.2	9.6	9.6	9.2	-18.6
pork	"	5.6	6.1	4.5	4.7	4.8	5.4	5.3	-5.4
mutton	"	1.6	1.3	1.2	1.2	1.2	1.2	1.3	-18.7
horse meat	"	0.3	0.3	0.3	0.3	0.3	0.3	0.3	—
Entrails	"	2.1	1.9	1.8	1.8	1.7	1.8	1.7	-19.0
Fish	"	5.1	5.2	5.1	5.2	5.6	5.8	5.6	+9.8
fresh and frozen	"	2.9	3.1	3.2	3.3	3.3	3.6	3.7	+27.6
dried cod and stockfish	"	1.2	1.2	1.1	1.2	1.4	1.1	0.9	-25.0
other varieties	"	1.0	0.9	0.8	0.7	0.9	1.1	1.0	—
Salt pork & lard	"	4.0	4.3	3.2	3.4	3.5	3.9	3.7	-7.5
Butter	"	1.1	1.1	1.1	1.1	1.1	1.1	1.1	—
Cheese	"	4.6	4.6	4.8	5.0	4.9	5.1	4.3	-6.5
Eggs	"	6.3	6.3	6.7	6.8	7.0	6.8	6.6	-4.8
Olive oil	l.**	6.1	4.5	5.9	5.2	4.7	5.5	5.1	-16.4
Other vegetable oils	kg.	2.2	1.4	1.5	1.4	2.1	1.2	1.1	-50.0
Wine	l.	110.0	94.9	110.1	106.4	78.8	82.8	100.4	-8.7
Milk	"	33.1	33.7	33.9	34.0	34.0	34.0	32.8	-0.9
Beer	"	2.6	1.6	1.0	1.0	0.8	0.8	0.8	-69.2

* 1 kilogram (kg.) = 2.2046 pounds.

** 1 liter (l.) = 1.056 qts.

Three countries affected by Hitler's *Drang nach Osten*: Rumania, that may yet succeed where Czechoslovakia has failed, Poland and 'liberated' Slovakia.

Munich Drama: Act II

I. CAROL TAKES OVER

Special Correspondence to *The Living Age*

JUST as the musical comedy kingdom of Graustark used to refer to Rumania, so did the title of an addlepated royal playboy stick to the exiled Crown Prince Carol, great grandson of Queen Victoria, the royal matriarch of Europe. But today Rumania can no longer be placed in a Graustarkian setting, and Carol is every inch a King.

Since Carol's dramatic return to Bucharest from exile in 1930, drastic things have happened to him and his country, and since Munich Carol has emerged as some one to be reckoned with by the Powers jockeying for favors in the rich Balkan areas. As ruler of the 113,886 square mile kingdom—a country almost exactly the size of Arizona—King Carol has made a profession of kingship and is strictly a man of business in every way. His job is no sinecure, either. Official corruption and the spoils system seemed to be threatening the State: disgrun-

tled out-of-office politicians, opportunist soldiers, plotters and foreign spies regarded Carol either as an ogre, a tyrant, or a stepping stone to the top of the political professions. A series of Administrations had failed to do more than tinker with the repairs needed by the State machine. An imitation of democracy, closer under some Ministers than others, had failed entirely to produce administrative efficiency or to check the growth of the revolutionary movement modeled on German National Socialism.

At this critical point, the King, who had watched these developments with increasing concern, intervened. He has met the totalitarian challenge by an experiment in authoritarian government.

Precisely how sagacious King Carol has proved can be seen today in Rumania's foreign and domestic policies: Carol has had an almost omenic fore-

sight. He read the warnings in the summer of 1936, when sanctions were dropped, and he deduced these three things from the Ethiopian affair:—

1. That the League of Nations must, as a guarantee of security, be regarded as dead.

2. That it would be rash for Rumania to rely on the help of Britain and France in the event of trouble, that therefore—

3. Rumania's right policy was to keep out of trouble, and not be pushed by France or Russia into an anti-German policy; not to be pushed by Germany into an anti-Russian policy; to keep neutral and outside of any 'bloc.'

He acted very quickly, in anticipation and not after coercion, which is good diplomacy and keen generalship. He startled Europe by dismissing M. Titulescu, Rumania's Foreign Minister and Grand Old Man of the Balkans. Titulescu was too deeply committed to the 'French system,' and was negotiating and had already initialed an agreement with Maxim Litvinoff for allowing Russian troops to cross Rumania in the event of a war with Germany. With 'Titu' gone, the King took charge of Rumania's foreign policy, based it on the idea of strict neutrality.

II

It was in November, 1937, that King Carol announced that he would go to London on a State visit—in November, 1938. During those twelve months the fate of Rumania, of Europe, indeed the whole world, has brinked dangerously close to chaos.

Rumania was on the verge of serious internal disturbances in February, 1938. M. Calinescu, the Minister of

the Interior, had reported to the King that he could not guarantee the maintenance of order during the coming elections as anti-Semitic partisans of Professor Cuza had gotten out of hand in the provinces. On the other hand, the Iron Guard, an equally anti-Semitic and conspiratorial body, with a long list of political assassinations to its debit, seemed almost certain to win support which would have entitled it to claim office. There was a strong Iron Guard clique around King Carol himself. Their leader, Corneliu Zelea Codreanu, as a youth had killed the prefect of Jassy, and in 1933 he plotted but did not take part in the assassination of Premier Ion Duca. And, to show how close to the throne the German-financed Iron Guardsmen were, when there was a split in the party, Mme. Magda Lupescu, the King's red-haired, partly Jewish mistress, financed Codreanu and at one time hid him in her villa when he was sought for arrest.

King Carol's action was drastic. The Cabinet was reshuffled and a new system of government was inaugurated with the introduction of a new Constitution abolishing the old Parliamentary system and entailing the dissolution of all political parties. This drew the teeth of the Iron Guard; most of its leaders, including Codreanu, were sentenced to long terms in prison and some 2,000 of its prominent members banished to concentration camps.

The principal achievements of the new régime, functioning smoothly today, are budgetary equilibrium which had been seriously compromised under the Goga administration; larger grants for the armed forces; cheaper money; an extensive public health

campaign, including the dispatch of 25 disinfection trains to regions suffering from epidemics, and 284 teams of junior doctors to villages throughout the country; comprehensive reforms in the administrative, judicial and educational services, in which room was made for the younger elements by pensioning the old; abolition of the secret funds which comprised over a sixth of the budget, and a new minority statute based on existing laws and treaty provisions. Rumania is now divided into 10 provinces, each governed by a Royal Resident, workmen get holidays with pay and seven Comptrollers have been entrusted with a leadership of a campaign against corruption in all departments of the State and in the municipal administrations.

Meanwhile, the rest of Europe teetered on the anxious seat: there was the rape of Austria, the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia, the still dubious agreement of Munich.

III

Events proved King Carol's policy wise. He is determined to cling to that policy, aiming specifically at diplomatic and economic independence. And revealing is the fact that King Carol's recent 'conversations' in London were very much what they would have been in 1937, when he first planned the visit, although the picture in Europe had undergone radical revisions in the intervening twelve months.

Carol seems not to be worried by fears of a German march to the Black Sea. He was worried, however, by the vigor of Germany's economic drive. The Danube Valley is a natural trade route, and Germany's economic links with the Balkan countries have always

been close, for Germany's industry and Balkan agriculture have been complementary and each is one of the other's best markets. Carol, with the other Balkan rulers, realizes that this must always be so. He regards as silly the frequently loose talk of arrangements that would keep Germany away from Hungary's wheat and Rumania's oil, and he regards it as so much nonsense that either Hungary or Rumania would think of such a thing, or have any wish to quarrel with their best customer—or a dangerous neighbor.

Rumania wants to develop and increase her trade with Germany, but does not want to become exclusively dependent on imports from and exports to Germany and thus be drawn into a German economic system. King Carol's idea has always been that if Rumania is to keep her economic independence, she must distribute her foreign trade as much as possible.

Hard on the heels of a German commercial mission to Rumania last summer went an Italian mission, eager to see that their ally did not monopolize the Balkan market. Rumania greeted the Italians warmly. To the world at large, it looked very plain that Rumania has been sucked into the Berlin-Rome bloc. This fitted nicely into the plans of Berlin, because Rumania is not only a source of raw materials and a market for German manufactures, but it is the road across which Hitler intends to drive to the East. Even Prime Minister Chamberlain, a few short weeks after Munich, told the House of Commons that Britain would have to recognize that Germany must occupy the predominating position in Southeastern Europe. This did not suit Britain's traders, who desire no German barter trade pushing across

the Balkans toward the British-dominated markets of the Near East.

Shrewd King Carol saw their point. He recognized that it would be to the benefit of Rumania to sell more of her grain and oil to England and buy more British goods directly rather than through German middlemen, with the idea of balancing, and not excluding, German trade.

IV

That was his chief topic of conversation in London last November. The more cynical reports were that Carol had asked for a sterling loan, like that made to Turkey, and had gone home with the Order of the Garter instead, graciously bestowed upon him at a State Banquet in Buckingham Palace by his cousin, King George VI.

The British Treasury officials were prepared to look down their noses and think of other ideas when the subject of money might be brought up. King Carol had a pleasant surprise for them: he did not ask for money. After King Carol, and his royal cousin, King George, had forged a gastronomic link between the two countries by dining on caviar, specially brought by air from Rumania, and Cheshire cheese at a return banquet at the Rumanian Legation in Belgrave Square, Carol came quickly to the point:—

“Those who can read history attentively will easily see what an active part in the history of civilization my country has played. Situated at the mouth of Europe’s most important way of communication, the Danube, Rumania has always been envied by her neighbors and has had to fight continually for the integrity of her people.

‘Economic interpenetration, representing in reality a more profound knowledge of the needs and of the customs of the various nations, must become a solid basis for friendship and collaboration. I attach such great importance to the development of these relations that I do not consider that there could be more useful and more reliable ambassadors of peace between the nations than the business men. . . .’

The next day, M. V. V. Tillea, a former member of the Rumanian Cabinet and president of the Anglo-Rumanian Association, clarified the King’s speech by telling the London *Financial Times* that he was authoritatively able to state that there has never been any question of the Rumanian Government having approached the British Government for a loan.

‘King Carol’s basic idea with regard to Anglo-Rumanian economic relations is to give new impetus to the exchange of trade between the two countries,’ he said. ‘Rumania does not aspire to a “loan” as such, but to the continued intensification of her trade with Great Britain when an eventual “credit” on a commercial basis would become a complementary stimulant to mutual exchange of trade. The crux of the whole matter is not the idea of a “loan” but “economic interpenetration” by means of increased trade, of which “credit” is only a complementary aspect.’

That King Carol was assured that Rumania would be extended the ‘credit’ he sought was indicated early in December. On his return to Bucharest, by way of Paris and Berlin, where he was royally fêted, Carol defied the wrath of the Nazis by the elimination of Iron Guard leader Codreanu and

thirteen of his henchmen who were serving terms for murder. The official version was that the 'Little Hitler of Rumania' and the others were shot while attempting to escape from their prison at Jihlava Fortress, but none doubted that the death of the fourteen was deliberately ordered.

The root of the trouble was the bombing of Jewish-owned property by the Iron Guard. Strict censorship which forbade publication of a single report of the outrages was seen as an indication that Iron Guard sympathizers still occupy high office in Rumania. A bitter Berlin press gruffly

rejected the official explanation of the killings. Said the *B. Z. am Mittag*: 'Now it is revealed that the Jews in Rumania have scored all along the line in the past nine months. The only man who was trusted outside of Rumania (Codreanu) is no more;' while the *Börsen-Zeitung* declared, 'the next internal developments in Rumania are now of the highest import, since they involve a stern struggle between Nationalists and Jewry.'

All of which would indicate that King Carol got more than the Order of the Garter in London, to the understandable fury of Berlin.

II. POLAND—NEXT DISH ON THE MENU

From the *Manchester Guardian*, Manchester Liberal Daily

IT IS now sufficiently plain to the French and British Governments, as well as to unofficial observers, that the 'Munich settlement' was not a settlement at all. It is recognized that it leaves Europe in general and Central and Eastern Europe in particular more unsettled than before.

The complete impotence of the Western Powers in Central Europe has been revealed in the International Commission, where their representatives could do nothing but take cognizance of the decisions announced by the German representatives with regard to the frontiers of Czechoslovakia. Germany has now again taken pieces of Czech territory, such as the Taus district, which has an exclusively Czech population, and the Western Powers have been quite unable to stop her. She has also taken a strip running right across Czechoslovakia and cutting that country in

half, and on that strip she proposes to build a strategic motor road. There has not been a word of remonstrance from the Western Powers, and, indeed, it would be useless to remonstrate.

The question that is being asked by many observers now is: what does the international guarantee of Czechoslovak neutrality, given when the Munich Agreement was signed, really mean? What exactly is guaranteed—Czech independence or the Czech frontiers, or what? Has the guarantee the slightest value, or is it no more than a phrase invented to conceal the realities of the situation created by the 'Munich settlement'? It is also evident that for Germany the annexation of the Sudetenland and the mutilation and subjugation of Czechoslovakia are not an end but a beginning.

That German-Polish 'friendship'

was nothing more than a piece of transient political opportunism has been clear all along—above all, to the Poles and to the Germans—and the end of this ‘friendship’ would now seem to be approaching. The Poles have been bitterly disappointed that their plans for a common frontier with Hungary have been thwarted by the Germans and they are exercising a strong terrorist pressure on the inhabitants of Carpathian Ruthenia so as to prepare the way for a Polish-Hungarian occupation. Polish and Hungarian agitators enter the country all the time, carry out kidnappings and terroristic actions, and so create a state of tension and uncertainty which will, so it is hoped, make the present status of Carpathian Ruthenia intolerable. Polish troops are concentrated in the frontier regions, and the indications are that a dangerous German-Polish crisis is at hand.

But quite apart from these symptoms, the Germans are now seriously planning to treat Poland as they treated Czechoslovakia and to promote the independence of the Polish Ukrainians. This would mean the dismemberment of Poland just as the annexation of the Sudetenland meant the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia.

The German minority in Poland is

not at all formidable, but it will, of course, have its uses, and just as Germany had agents in all the vital parts of the Czechoslovak war machine, so that the Czechs would, in the event of war, have had to deal with sabotage of a very intractable kind as well as with invasion, the Germans, likewise, have their agents in the Polish war machine. In the case of Poland, however, their task is not too easy, seeing that the Polish intelligence service is remarkably efficient.

The establishment of an independent Ukraine within the present frontiers of Poland would be the prelude to carrying out the familiar plans which Hitler has for the dismemberment and colonization of Russia. It would therefore seem that a German-Polish conflict could not occur without involving Russia. But the Germans, having observed the impotence of Russia during the recent crisis, are convinced that Russia is incapable of going to war against a Great Power.

The German military chiefs are highly critical of Hitler's projects now, as they have always been, but they have been proved wrong so often that their advice counts for little. Besides, they accept all the decisions of Hitler and his fellow National Socialists with complete docility, whatever their private views may be.

III. DARK HOURS IN SLOVAKIA

From the New Statesman and Nation, London Independent Weekly of the Left

VERY little has come to light about conditions in the eastern half of Czechoslovakia since Munich—and even less since the Vienna award and the return of Southern Slovakia to Hun-

gary. One reason for this is that public interest was concentrated on events in Bohemia, a part of the country always better known west of the Rhine, another that by the time of Slovakia's

dismemberment a feeling of disillusionment and futility had made the public lose interest in events that had been taken beyond their control; but a third reason, and perhaps the most important, has been the extremely effective censorship clamped down by the new authorities of 'liberated' Slovakia. As one of the few special correspondents in the region while the Hungarian troops were pushing up to their new frontier, I had a particularly good opportunity of observing what 'appeasement' looked like on the line of the Danube.

Nobody who was acquainted with the Slovakia of the last few years can have viewed recent developments without horror and deep sadness. Little publicized, Slovakia was making immense strides forward, both culturally and materially, and a population that had been kept in an almost incredibly backward state by its former Hungarian rulers was rapidly receiving new schools and colleges and opportunities of advancement. The Hungarian minority, no doubt, had its grievances, and in the family quarrel between Czechs and Slovaks, by no means all the right was on the Czech side; but both Slovaks and Hungarians benefited from the Republic in land reform, social legislation and material progress. Building activity was considerable, partly strategic, partly industrial, partly cultural; Bratislava, tolerant, lively, rapidly modernizing itself, was one of the most attractive cities in the Danubian area.

Now that same Slovakia, mercilessly amputated by the Axis Powers with a cynical disregard of anything but their own struggle for position in the Balkans, seems, under the rule of

a government that—according to this spring's elections—can only represent a minority of the population, not only to be abandoning democracy, but also to be incapable of controlling the excesses of its own extremists.

II

Two official notices, published the morning I arrived, characterized the times through which the country is passing. One declared that 'without the knowledge of the Government' members of the Hlinka Guard (Slovak Fascists) and German Ordner (storm troopers) had been creating panic among the population. 'It is strictly forbidden,' the order ran, 'to search people's pockets and take away valuables.' Despite this, I saw Hlinka Guards openly searching all passengers at Bratislava station the same afternoon. I myself had my suitcase turned out, everything minutely searched and flung in disorder into the suitcase again. Both my British passport and a reference to the Government prohibition were only laughed at. Yet none of the passengers searched were going abroad—most of them were traveling on the Prague express, which was delayed ten minutes by the Guards, whose only authority was a blue and red armband bearing the sign of the double cross.

There was no warning, however, to travelers arriving in Bratislava that there would be any restriction placed on their taking out property when they left. During the period while I was there, no one was allowed to take out more than 500 crowns. A second Government order on the same day said that this restriction was never

imposed by the Government, but that 'Hlinka Guards and security organs call attention to suspicious persons, especially Jews, who take away considerable property, which would damage Slovakia's economy.'

All along the main streets of Bratislava scores of fine shops stand with shattered plate-glass windows, the results of the recent anti-Semitic rioting. Other shops display protective placards stamped by the German N. Thousands of Jews of foreign origin have been, and are still being, rounded up and carried off to the territories which the Hungarians are occupying. A further order was issued to all police and gendarmerie stations on the Friday to round up all Jews with property and intern them with their families, 'securing' their property. This order many prefects refused to obey on the grounds of its vagueness, and it was rescinded. Most of those arrested under it were subsequently released, but the deportation order was still being enforced when I left.

Such unofficial excesses and official severities are known to be deeply deplored by the Premier, Father Tiso, but he has a difficult team to drive.

One section of Slovak politicians, in their anxiety to secure Germany's protection against Hungarian demands, committed themselves so far to German plans for making Slovakia a German colony that they have now to take their orders from Berlin and Vienna. Another section seeks protection against Germany in a surrender to Hungary. Still another would grant a common frontier to Hungary and Poland at the expense of Ruthenia for the same reason.

Father Tiso himself seeks orderly coöperation with Prague in rebuilding what Munich has left of the shattered Czechoslovak Republic, but the Catholics are in danger of losing power to the Fascists and German Nazis, who openly wear the swastika in the streets. It is believed that Tiso only secured an abatement of the worst excesses by the threat to resign; for that the extremists are not yet quite ready. One wonders how long they can be held back. And in the meanwhile an impartial observer cannot but be struck by the contrast between the completely orderly withdrawal of the Czechoslovak forces before the Hungarian advance and the excesses of the Hlinka Guards.

A Nazi writer is most apprehensive about Russia's influence in Northern Europe where Germany herself has aspirations.

Russia's Window *on the* West

By VITALIS PANTENBURG

Translated from the *Webrmacht*, Berlin Weekly Organ
of the Supreme Command of the Army

FAR out on the rim of northern Europe lies the bleak Murman East. No forest relieves the barren rock, where only moss and lichen thrive, where a lonely dwarfed tree clutches precariously to a soil forever frozen just below the surface. The furious storms from the Arctic rush inland into the Kola Peninsula, and find no resistance. The warm Gulf Stream sends up its last tendrils here, and keeps the coast free of ice the year round. No European of another generation would ever have settled here voluntarily. Today, as for centuries, these Arctic reaches might have remained deserted, but for the irresistible march of science. The handmaiden of politics in fifteen years has wrought the creation of a vital field of force whose potentialities are scarcely recognized today.

The Soviet base of attack in the Arctic Ocean is already a fact. The development of so strong a Russian base in this remote northwestern corner of a country embracing two con-

tinents is a logical outcome of Russia's consistent foreign policy. It is the geopolitical consequence of the fact that the Soviet Union is the successor of the Empire of the Tsars.

Peter, greatest of all the Russians, was the first to coördinate great Russia's raw and undisciplined forces behind a distinct foreign policy. His two-fold aim was 'A window on the West,' opening toward Europe and, in addition, maritime power. He never attained the latter nor has any other ruler on the Neva or in the Kremlin. Until recently Russia lacked free access to the high seas. To say that Russia's gateway to the seas lies along this God-forsaken Murman coast—and nowhere else—sounds absurd. A single glance at the map of Russia, however, proves the point. True, the U.S.S.R. borders on the Baltic and the Black Sea, but both are enclosed and in time of war could be bottled up by smaller Powers. The Russian corner of the Baltic, moreover, is closed by ice for several months. Vladivostok, simi-

larly blocked by ice in winter, faces the nearby Japanese island blockade and thus furnishes no effective 'window on the Pacific.' There remain the Arctic coasts, remote from the country's industrial centers; they are open no more than two months a year, and even then at considerable risk.

Thus, Russia has only some two hundred miles of Murman coast in the far north free of ice all year. Even there ships of considerable draft can find anchorage and harborage along a stretch no longer than about fifty miles—from the Finnish border to the Gulf of Kola.

One of the Soviet Union's chief aims is to win a position as a world power. In her case, this means, primarily, maritime power. Stalin—sole bearer of the mantle of the Tsars—issues orders to reach the Atlantic at all costs. Human beings, material and capital are utilized ruthlessly and on a gigantic scale. At present, the Murman railroad serves as the sole and tenuous line of communication. Mechanically it is in good condition, reportedly double-tracked and, perhaps, already electrified by its hydro-electric plants. Spurs toward the Finnish border are said to be completed or under construction. A network of automobile highways is constantly being extended, especially in Karelia—a fact of particular importance because of the vulnerability of the railroad. Moreover, military mobilization requires good communications. According to reports in the north, available communications already suffice for several divisions. The Baltic-White Sea Canal is another traffic artery, connecting Leningrad directly with the Arctic ports. It shortens the maritime route around Scandinavia by half. Unfortunately the canal

is also blocked by ice half the time.

Economic and industrial surveys have proceeded apace, and the once barren land has been proved to be a mine of resources. On the Kola Peninsula there are vast deposits of rich, vital raw materials, as apatite (from which phosphorus is produced), and iron and nickel ore. Even in the more southerly Karelia, important deposits have been discovered. The population is also multiplying rapidly. The Finnish-speaking elements of Russian Karelia, originally a majority, are being steadily evacuated. A broad strip along the Finnish border is entirely uninhabited. The canal zone itself has been completely purged of 'unreliable' elements.

II

Thus the way is open for the militarization of this 'corridor' territory lying toward the Arctic Ocean. Its garrisons are constantly increased by crack troops. The numerous special border guards are directly under the GPU. Since a highly-trained air force is of decisive importance in the thinly populated Arctic and sub-Arctic regions, a large number of airports have been built, though no one knows how many nor how large they are—two are said to have hangars for forty aircraft each.

Nor does anyone know exactly what type of troops are located here. A Finnish naval journal asserts there are more than forty corps of troops in the Murman-Karelian area. It is certain, in any event, that even in peace time the Soviet military forces are vastly superior to those of Finland just across the border.

The Murman railroad, nearly a thousand miles long, terminates at the

city of Murmansk. Once an insignificant community with a few thousand inhabitants, it has grown to more than a hundred thousand in the last decade. Modern dock and harbor facilities have been constructed here where the Arctic ice-breaker, commerce and fishing fleets make their headquarters. Foreign trade receipts are steadily mounting.

Murmansk lies some twenty miles up the Gulf of Kola, the entrance to which is guarded by Polyarnoye (formerly Alexandrovsk)—a fort whose equipment is constantly being strengthened and whose long-range batteries could effectively block entrance into the fifty mile fjord. Press reports insist that as yet only smaller naval units, such as torpedo-cruisers, torpedo-boats, speed-boats, submarines and auxiliary craft, possibly even an aircraft-carrier, are stationed there. As recently as last year, one source reported the presence of 25 deep-sea torpedo-boats and fifteen submarines—all of recent construction. The submarines are said to be a distinct deep-sea type, with long-range artillery, and equipped also as mine-layers.

Even Sweden feels today the threat of Russian naval forces in the North Sea, primarily because of the reported assignment to the Arctic of some of the new cruisers shortly to be commissioned.

All these data do not paint the whole picture, for the strength and composition of the Russian Arctic fleet quickly can be augmented by the arrival of even medium naval units from Kronstadt—still the Soviet Union's greatest naval base—by way of the Baltic-White Sea Canal. Such strategy, however, holds good only for

the summer months. Yet today the Red Navy predominates in the Arctic Ocean and need scarcely fear attack.

III

The question arises why the U.S.S.R. lays so much emphasis on the military development of the Murmansk area. Surely this cannot be explained by purely defensive considerations, for far inferior forces would suffice for this purpose.

Is the purpose, then, offensive in nature? In that case the question arises against whom the offensive is directed. Finland and Norway are witnesses to these gigantic preparations. The thing furthest from their minds is an attack upon the U.S.S.R. Is it possible that the Soviet Union, on her part, harbors designs upon the Arctic coasts of these two countries?

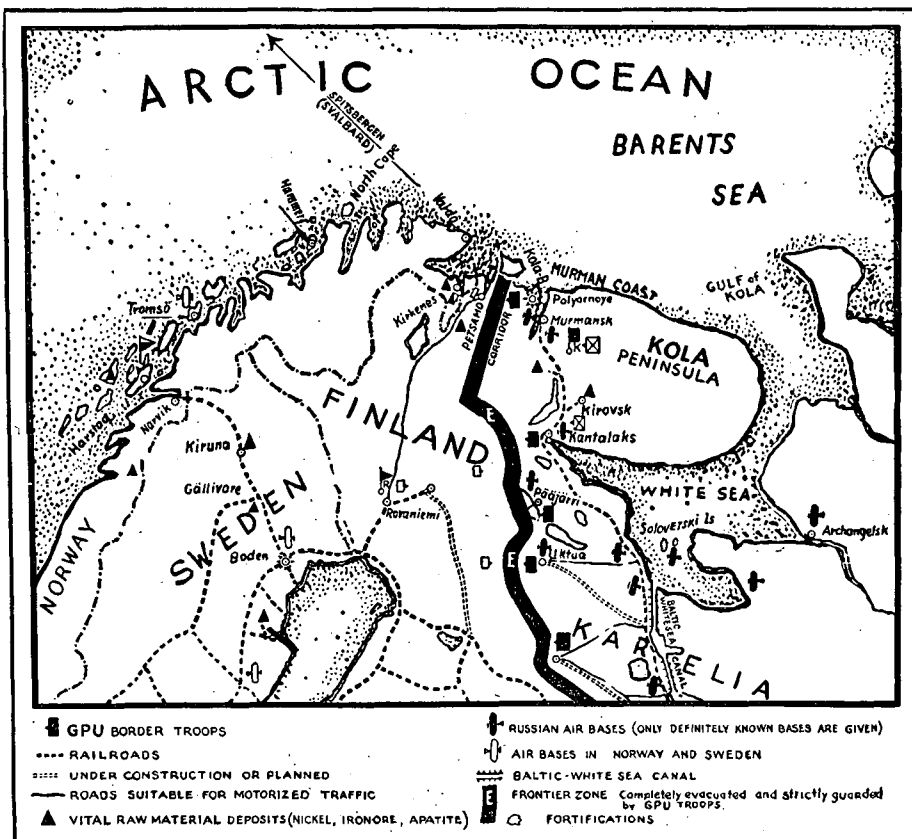
A number of incidents actually point in this direction. How else is one to explain the mystery-cloaked flights over the northern regions of Finland, unless it is assumed that the Russian flyers are surveying the land from the air, recording the terrain photographically? Radio bearings taken by the Norwegian journalist Feiring point to the airports Kantalaks, Pääjärri and Uktua as the bases for these forays. There are as yet few reliable maps of these regions.

It should be remembered that Russia's access to the high seas to the far north is limited to a stretch of fifty miles—and even that stretch suffers from the vicissitudes of fog and storm, in addition to being far removed from the great sea routes. The Finnish coast, cut up by numerous deep fjords, great natural harbors perpetually free of ice, offers incom-

parably better access to the high seas than does the coast of Murman. There is the additional factor of the proximity to the port of Narvik whence, in 1937, almost 8 million tons of the world's finest ore (from Swedish Lapland) was shipped to the world—Europe's most important ore supply, made all the more important by the present armaments race. Control of this ore export by the U.S.S.R. or its interruption—by a possible air attack, for example, upon the mines—might be unpleasant for the interested powers in case of war.

Uneasiness is growing in Norway and Finland. The latter country has always kept its defensive powers at

top efficiency. Norway's defenses, on the other hand, are very feeble, and Norwegian experts look upon their inadequate defenses, in relation to Soviet Arctic armaments, with considerable worry. Colonel Os, commander of Kirkenes, which is in an exposed position, in buttressing his demands for increased armaments pointed to the likelihood that the Soviet Union looked longingly upon the undeveloped mineral deposits of northern Norway. This may seem far-fetched, but it becomes more plausible when one considers the Soviet's efforts toward making the various vast regions under her control—in this case, the northwest region—economy-



cally self-sufficient. This involves, among other things, a food supply adequate for the rapidly multiplying population. Such a supply certainly could be increased considerably by the more favored regions of northern Norway.

Under clauses in the peace treaty with Russia, Finland is much hampered in the Arctic Ocean, which she borders since 1920 through the Petsamo Corridor. She is permitted to keep a few patrol-boats only in the Petsamo fjord, yet she may not establish any fortifications nor air bases. Unarmed Soviet airplanes are permitted to fly over this region. In times of peace no regular troops are stationed in Finnish Lapland. There are only a few border guards and the crack local protective guards, composed of volunteers. Virtually no anti-aircraft precautions have been taken. But as a result of the increasing value of this region due to the extensive nickel deposits in the Petsamo mining and industrial development, suitable measures may be expected soon. All this, however, will hardly suffice in the face of the immense superiority of the Red Army, particularly in the air, and the latest development in the technique of parachute troops.

Norway maintains at present only one permanent formation of troops in Kirkenes. Naval forces are non-existent. The Norwegian fleet and aircraft are regarded as very ineffective, and there is a grotesque lack of defense. Norwegian officers have openly and bitterly complained of these shortcomings. In the meantime, more danger threatens from the midst of the Arctic itself. In Svalbard (in Spitsbergen five hundred miles north of the North Cape), since 1932, the Russian

'Arctic Ugol' Trust has operated rich coal-mines, which are vital for the exploitation of the northwestern region. For in the region of Murmansk-Karelia there are neither coal nor oil deposits. For that reason, the Soviets must be able to count on the Svalbard mines in case of war. Even today there are four times as many Russian subjects there as Norwegians. The latter have no right to establish bases or fortifications of any kind. In practice, the Svalbard Archipelago is completely under Russian control. If it should become a first-class naval base—which is entirely possible under certain conditions—great significance must be attached to it as a strategic post of Russia in the Arctic.

It must be concluded from these facts that, at least for the present, European coastal regions in the North Arctic are hopelessly exposed to outside attack. In regard to Finnish Lapland, to the possession of which the Russian strategists do not seem to aspire in the immediate future, one may rest assured that an attack by her eastern neighbor would find stubborn resistance. How long this resistance could last, however, depends upon whether other Powers would intervene in Finland's favor.

It is possible that the much discussed bloc of the Northern countries, a 'bloc of armed neutrality,' might still guarantee a certain amount of security there if all existing defense forces were utilized. Such an alliance of defense, at least, would contribute substantially to the process of pacification. It would give all those Powers which are genuinely interested in the integrity of northern Europe—and Germany is one of those Powers—a feeling of reassurance.

A poignant tale of an elderly school-teacher clinging desperately to life.

The Confidante

By IRÈNE NEMIROVSKY

Translated by LUCY CORES

From Revue des Deux Mondes
Paris Conservative Fortnightly

‘IT IS better thus,’ she thought. ‘Firstly, one must submit to the will of God. Secondly, what have I to expect from life? I am no longer young. I have no friends or family: the Lamberts do not count,’ she added, her face assuming a constrained and sour expression as she remembered them. She was the Lamberts’ poor relative, and could never forget it. ‘If I will die during the operation, death will spare me long years of miserable old age,’ she said to herself, striving by reasonable, Christian, resigned thoughts to bring calm to the sad heart that beat in fear and anxiety.

Blanche Lajunie braved emotion and fatigue as she walked from the doctor’s office to her house on the Rue Monge. She walked swiftly, her head high, throwing looks full of pride and defiance at the passers-by, as if thinking, ‘I am just an old maid, poor and lonely, but I do not need anyone. I scorn all aid. Many women in my place would faint or run home in a hurry to cry. But I, good heavens,

I don’t want to cry. Life is not worth regretting. You, who are pushing me because you are more agile and stronger than I, you can laugh at my out-moded hat and my homely face, but I have more dignity and courage than you.’

In the doctor’s office she had had one minute of weakness and had shed some tears. He had the gentle voice and the indifferent look of those whose profession consists of pretending that they are interested in your fate. ‘It is a matter of an operation that we perform every day,’ he had said. ‘So you must not worry. You have no family? Let’s examine your heart. Why, there’s nothing wrong with it. You have nothing to worry about.’

Perhaps because of her profession as a teacher she had acquired a certain skill in penetrating the thoughts of others. She seemed to read those of the doctor while he examined her, his head against her meager breast. ‘No family, what a bore! It is so much easier to explain these things to a

relative who does not get rattled.' But she had already understood.

Yes, she understood. It was up to her to bear this as she had borne the vexations of life and solitude. Now she had to adjust herself to this new prospect, to wait, to look at the streets of Paris, at the brilliant azure sky, the sun, the cars laden with luggage that were leaving for the country, and think: 'In such a month, on such a day, I will no longer be among the living. Me. . . . Ah, is it possible that this can happen to me?'

But at the doctor's office she had taken hold of herself after the first reaction of animal terror. She had calmly discussed the price of the operation and jotted down with a hand that did not tremble the address of the hospitals 'for the middle class,' as well as the date agreed on for the operation, as if she could forget it.

The Rue Monge was still far away. Blanche Lajunie sank down on a bench. Sitting there alone, she finally allowed a weary and bitter expression to appear on her face. But during her courses, her lessons, when she had to hold by force the wandering attention of her scholars, foiling by sarcasm, by threats, by a deceiving serenity or clever dialectics their schoolboy tricks, she still seemed alert, energetic and quite redoubtable. She was fifty years old, with a stiff carriage and that brusque and almost virile air that women gain after years of independence and poverty. She still had bright eyes. She once must have been very beautiful, but excessive thinness had tampered with the proportions of her face. An arrogant nose overshadowed the shrunken cheeks. The eyelids were heavy and faded; the eyeglasses, which, with some lingering remainder of co-

quetry, she used only for reading, had left two faint, reddish wrinkles near the corners of her eyes. She was decently dressed, with that imperceptibly ridiculous air that marks a woman not only because she is poor, but because she never goes out and does not know what is being worn. She knew it, and it made her suffer.

It was a spring day, so mild that it seemed like summer. The midday radiance, the gentle air charmed and hurt her at once. The faces and the voices of the passers-by irritated her. She was in a section of universities and schools, where youth was at its most aggressive. It reigned supreme, occupying all the benches, streets and squares. Mlle. Lajunie did not like youth. Her profession was to train it, to reprimand it, to treat it as an enemy. Now, to escape it, she gathered enough strength to get up and signal a bus that was passing.

Soon she was home. She lived in a dark, cheap, but very clean little apartment, on the second floor, whose windows gave on the court. On the kitchen table everything was prepared for her lunch. She lighted the gas, but when she saw the still raw cutlet that had to be cooked, she suddenly felt faint. She put it away, boiled some water, and carrying a cup of tea in her hand, together with some biscuits in a napkin, went into the study. She sat down at her usual place facing the window and tried to fix her thoughts on the occupations of the day. Little Colette Lambert, her cousin's daughter, was coming from four to five for a lesson in French literature. Ordinarily, before that lesson she would have had to give one in mathematics in Neuilly, but today, for fear of being detained by the doctor, she kept only

Colette, who was very far behind in literature and history. She was free until four o'clock. She sighed. It was not freedom that she wanted just now. At that moment she envied the fate of those harassed housewives full of family cares, who have no time to think of themselves. Yet, she had often thought and said that she was glad that she had never married and was not now encumbered with children, but lived an independent life, and traveled a lot.

'No, I regret nothing. Except that a husband and children would, at least, keep a faithful picture of one after one is dead. While I—it will be as if I had never lived, and in the minds of those I know there will remain this caricature of me, the memory of a bitter old maid. Those young girls! All those happy, insolent children! Weak woman that I am, I would like to hold them by the hand and say: "Wait, listen to me. Don't repulse me. I used to be like you." *Et in Arcadia ego*,' she murmured mechanically, and mysteriously the Latin quotation calmed her. To give to her suffering an exquisite, succinct, classical form was, after all, a comfort. She felt better. She corrected the homework of some of her pupils, and at four o'clock she heard her young cousin ring the bell.

II

Colette Lambert, in a bright dress with short sleeves, threw her books on the table and greeted Mlle. Lajunie. This fifteen-year-old girl still had a child's face, but her stature, the contours of her body and her movements already proclaimed her a woman. Her cheeks were flushed by her rapid walk

and the warmth of the afternoon. Her eyes were frank, almost impudent. She had auburn hair, which the family still described as blond by force of habit.

Colette passed her handkerchief, rolled into a little ball, across her forehead. 'It is warm,' she said, 'and it's so lovely in the Luxemburg.'

'Are you coming from there?' asked Mlle. Lajunie, regarding her coldly. Colette's eyelids fluttered slightly.

'Yes, Mademoiselle Blanche,' she said with a sulky and distant expression. Slowly she took out her papers and books, hesitated: 'May I take your place?'

'Facing the window? If you wish. What is this mania that you have, always to sit there? You will have the sun in your eyes.'

'Sun? You haven't any here,' Colette murmured. She thought: 'How I detest her. She is ugly, old and odious. She is proud of her little knowledge, but does not know anything that is really useful and important: how to arrange flowers, to dress, or laugh.' She looked at her teacher with hatred. But the very sight of that face was the living memory of the *bachot*, the compositions and the report cards, and she turned away her eyes.

'Now we'll look at your homework.'

'Yes, Mademoiselle Blanche.'

Colette seated herself facing Mlle. Lajunie, opened her book at the marked page, and made an inexpert pretence of listening.

'What is she dreaming about?' thought Mlle. Lajunie, looking with exasperation at Colette's eyes, those great, black-ringed gray eyes that contemplated the empty sky. 'Colette, you did not hear a word I said. What do you see from that window?'

'I? Nothing,' replied Collette quickly. She watched the sun on the opposite wall. The light descended slowly, gently. In a little while it would reach the open window, that same window where a young boy whose name she did not know, but whom she saw every time she took a lesson (why else did she demand additional lessons with Mlle. Lajunie?), a young boy with beautiful rumped hair studied alone in his room. He still was not there. But he would come. And they would smile at each other. He seemed to be about sixteen or seventeen years old. He was handsome, with black hair and a lean, tanned face. She thought of him constantly. She lingered every evening coming out of Mlle. Lajunie's. He had never dared to join her, but she was sure that he wanted to. Until now, she had loved only Clark Gable or Robert Taylor or some characters in books, or perhaps faces born of her dreams or desires. For the first time it was a real, living boy with beautiful hair. He had not come yet. She did her best to make the time go slower: she wrote slowly, half yawned, straining her small jaws, answered with ill grace, awkwardly and lazily in order to hear Mlle. Lajunie say: 'Do you mind repeating this for me?'

III

The boy's books waited for him at his table before the window. But now it was five o'clock and the lesson was finished. What to do? She rose and began to put her books away, desperately seeking an excuse, a pretext to stay a little longer. She asked:— 'Are you going out, Mademoiselle Blanche?'

'No, why?'

'Nothing. You have no other lessons tonight?'

'No, no other lessons. I am a little tired today,' said Mlle. Blanche, with an imperceptible sigh.

'Tired? Yes, you do seem tired,' said Colette, who for the first time saw a human expression on the hated face. 'But what are you going to do all alone?' she asked, moved by an emotion akin to pity.

'I have a few notebooks to correct.'

'Perhaps you would like me to stay with you a little?'

'With me?' repeated Mlle. Blanche. She blushed. Nothing more strange or painful than this youthful afflux of blood mounting to the faded cheeks. 'Have you nothing more interesting to do?' she murmured.

'Not at all,' said Colette, struck in spite of herself by this bitter and desperate tone. 'I have to visit a friend who does not expect me until six o'clock. I thought I could stay here, unless it disturbs you.'

'You won't disturb me,' said Mlle. Blanche. She was grateful to Colette for her offer. Of course, it was not much, the presence of this child, but at the same time. . . . Suddenly she thought that little Colette Lambert was related to her. There was a tie of blood between them. She even thought she saw some resemblance to herself in this young face. Yes, perhaps in the way the eyes were placed. . . .

'That is a pretty dress, Colette,' she said, still coldly as she said everything.

Colette's surprised, somewhat mocking smile seemed to say clearly: 'As if you knew anything about it.' She threw a swift glance into the mirror over the fireplace and con-

templated complacently her slender bare arms and the pink collar. 'Very sweet of you, Mademoiselle Blanche,' she murmured.

'She is going to be sixteen soon,' thought Mlle. Lajunie, also looking at the smooth tanned skin of the bare arms, at the slender, round, firm neck, and the long, dark eyelashes. 'At sixteen, I had just come to Russia.'

She said aloud: 'You are a big girl. At your age I was alone in the world. I earned my living.'

'Oh, yes,' said Colette politely. 'You taught in Russia, I believe.'

Mlle. Lajunie sighed. 'Yes, in Russia.' My God, this little Colette, what kind of a picture could she see in her mind as she said those words? Probably an ugly young girl, sad and lonely, exiled to teach French to strange children in schools and dark pensions. In spite of herself, Mlle. Lajunie laughed a little, and her eyes burned with a strange flame.

'I passed my best years in Russia,' she said.

'That was long ago, wasn't it?'

'Thirty-four years.'

'Oh,' said Colette softly, in an incredulous tone.

'And you believe,' thought Mlle. Lajunie scornfully, 'you think that it's long ago? It is more than twice your silly, empty little life, that much is certain. But it was yesterday, do you hear, yesterday! And now it is the end. It is death. So soon, my God, so soon. Yet it was I, this child of sixteen years, in a gray dress, with braids rolled around her ears—dark, gilded braids like yours—it was I whom he took by the hand. It was I to whom he said: "Don't be afraid. Don't tremble. Why do you tremble like this? I won't do you any harm. I love you."'

She heard Colette asking absently: 'Did you teach in a school?'

'No, I was a governess in a noble family.' She fell silent. Even now, the name that she had not spoken for so many years could not pass her lips. 'A Russian name, very difficult to pronounce.'

'Were there any young girls in the family?'

'No, two little boys. Their mother was dead. They were brought up by their grandmother.'

'And—was it a beautiful country?'

'Very.' Mlle. Lajunie went on with lowered eyes. 'I lived in Petersburg, in Moscow, visited Crimea. It was a very brilliant, a very worldly life. Down there governesses and instructors are in a way part of the family. I have been at some lovely balls. The father of the children was called Alexei Nicolaievitch.'

What feeble things words are. Yet they evoked the only happiness that she had known.

'Was it not cold?'

'It was an excellent climate,' said Mlle. Lajunie in a singularly high and vibrant voice. 'The winters there are long and rigorous, but I have never felt the cold.'

IV

Felt the cold. . . . All the memories that she had kept of this country were warm, brilliant, exultant. The snow fell, the ground was icy, but her blood coursed like a burning current through her light and supple body, and with her, around her, there was the constant presence of a man in love.

'Alyosha,' she thought, calling him for the first time in so many years by the caressing nickname that she first

had murmured in her secret heart, and then one day to him, in his ear, in his arms. She blushed. Mechanically, she fixed her hair with a swift and graceful movement of long ago. Colette saw nothing. Her eyes were fixed on the house across the way.

'Tell me more about Russia, Made-moiselle. You tell it so well.'

'It is indescribable,' whispered Mlle. Lajunie, pressing her hands nervously one against the other. Yet, she spoke and speaking, she saw one picture among many: horses stand snorting in an air that is foggy and suffused with snow; the skies are low and dark, but from the white ground there rises a pale, cold, angelic brilliance that lights everything with an uncertain twilight clearness. Then, everything is darkened, the wind is icy. In the fold of snow, a red, motionless spark is glowing. She is in the sled with Alyosha. His arm is around her waist. She carries to her lips the little muff whose faint perfume of furs and essence of roses she still seems to smell, and leans her head against Alyosha's shoulder.

Mlle. Lajunie said softly: 'I danced very well in those days. I loved to dance.'

'You? Really?'

'Yes, I danced very well. This astonishes you? But I was sixteen years old and I was happy. It seems incredible, doesn't it, the possibility of a poor girl being happy in a foreign country, with strangers? But there are times. . . .' She fell silent. 'Ah, I cannot take this away with me,' she thought. 'If I could leave with this little girl a memory of what I really was. I have never spoken to anyone about it, but now that I am going to die, why not tell her?' She said in an

altered voice: 'If I remember Russia so well, it is, as you may well guess, because I have met there someone whom I have loved and whom I cannot forget. I have never told this to anyone, Colette, but I feel so sad today, so alone. I am going away soon, my child.'

Colette, who heard only these last words, could not suppress a start of joy.

'I am old,' went on Mlle. Lajunie. 'I would like to know that someone in the world will remember me and this old romance. He was noble, rich. I knew that marriage between us was almost impossible, almost a miracle, and yet I hoped. Some day, perhaps, you will know this feeling of running toward an abyss, toward misfortune, toward death with open eyes, knowing everything, and yet. . . .' She stopped. Memories too numerous, too sweet, filled her heart, oppressing her.

Colette, who had listened without hearing, had risen and approached the window. At the movement she made, Mlle. Lajunie turned to her. With a quick, suspicious look, she scrutinized the house that Colette was watching, and she saw in the window on the second floor a handsome boy sixteen or seventeen years old, with brown cheeks and black hair, who looked, smiling, at Colette.

'So that's what it is,' thought Mlle. Lajunie, remembering how Colette had insisted on staying with her. 'Wretched child! So that's it!'

She closed her books with a quick movement. 'You showed exemplary docility,' she said in a sarcastic voice. 'And I thank you for having carried your devotion to me so far as to listen to my ramblings. But the lesson has long been finished. You can go.'

Colette was not listening. She slammed her beret on her head, seized her brief case, into which she threw pell-mell books, gloves and a handkerchief, offered her forehead for Mlle. Lajunie's cold kiss, and murmured: 'It has been *so* interesting! But I must ask you to excuse me. I am late. Mother will scold me.'

She had seen her love. Being only fifteen, she asked nothing else. Now she could carry the memory of this smile, this look along the dark streets to her house, to the solitude of her room, where she could savor it to her heart's content. She fled.

V

With trembling lips, Mlle. Lajunie watched her go. She plunged the pen into the inkwell with a brusque, dry gesture, as if she were plunging it into Colette's heart. Methodically, with a sort of cold passion, she composed the talk that she would have the next day with Colette's parents. She polished it and divided it into three points, like a French exercise: 'First, tell them to watch the books their daughter reads; secondly, her visits; thirdly, her day's activities.'

After she had written this down, since the room was already dark, she thought: 'I have to close the shutters and light the lamp.' But she did not stir. It was the first spring evening. Someone laughed. Someone was singing in the court. A young servant, interrupting her tasks, had come to the window and leaned her bare arms on the window-sill, seeming to listen to some feeble echo of the street, to some sweet, wild call.

Mlle. Lajunie sighed. She forgave Colette her coldness and her disdain,

but her solitude weighed heavy upon her. It seemed to her that not only had she nothing, neither a family, nor love, nor friendship, but even the past now seemed somber, poor and banal, the sentimental adventure of a little governess and a man so much older than she, spoiled by life. In those far-distant times, she often suspected that he did not really love her, that he was merely filling the few empty years between his widowhood and his second marriage. For one day he married another woman. Ah, the sleepless nights, the tears she had wept. . . . All this had passed little by little. Patiently and tenderly she had recreated the past as it should have been. Now she remembered it as it really was. He was faithless, he ran after women, he liked cards and wine. But with a vehement and energetic effort, she arrested the pitiless mechanism of her memory, because what would remain if the past deserted her?

Pressing her lips together, she took her pen and began to cancel her next week's lessons. The text for every letter was: 'The necessity for a surgical operation forces me, with many regrets, to interrupt for some time the lessons of mathematics (or French, or history) that I have been giving to your little boy (or your little girl).'

She had lighted the lamp. The boy in the apartment across the way read a novel hidden in his Latin dictionary and looked from time to time at the severe face of the old teacher. She reminded him of tomorrow's tasks, the *bachot*, all the unpleasant exigencies of life.

For a moment their eyes met. They exchanged a cold and defiant look; then each turned from the other without having understood.

Persons and Personages

GENERAL INONU

By RAYMOND CARTIER

Translated from *Époque*, Paris Conservative Daily

ISMET INONU is a small, frail, gray-haired man with a sharp face, dominated by a monumental nose. He is deaf, but he never raises his voice in speaking. Although he is sickly, he stays at his work-table hours on end. He is a quiet, diminutive bourgeois, but for all of that he is a great general and usually a successful negotiator. For a long time Europe knew him under the name of Ismet Pasha. When the late Mustapha Kemal decided to give his Turks surnames to create some order in the civil lists, he bestowed on his principal aide the name of a battle that he had won. 'General Inonu' in Turkey has the same military significance that 'General Marengo' or 'General Verdun' would have in France. It is the noblest name that a Turkish soldier could have.

I know the small city in which the new President of the Turkish Republic was born, somewhere far in the interior of Anatolia. The place of his birth was a humble, dilapidated dwelling, a Turkish house of times gone by. Ismet left it to make a career for himself. Like most present-day leaders in Turkey, he was educated in the Military Academy of Harbye, in that hilly section of Istanbul beyond Pera which the street cars coming from the Golden Horn have such difficulty in climbing. At the end of the World War he held a key post on the General Staff of the War Ministry. He was the typical staff officer. Almost everything in his character suited his arduous duties. At this time he also served as right-hand man to the War Minister Izzet Pasha.

His fate in 1920 seemed bound with that of the old Ottoman Empire. Then, General Mustapha Kemal, disowned by the Sultan, and in many quarters regarded as an outlaw, incited parts of old Anatolia to revolt for national independence. Theoretically, Kemal was a rebel but, in reality, all the Turkish patriots looked upon him as the most likely deliverer of his country. One day Ismet Pasha left his office in Constantinople and went to Angora to meet Kemal.

The meeting was to spell war—and more war. The Greeks invaded Asia Minor. Ismet's military prowess was such that he was awarded command of the entire Front. He was eventually whipped because of the technical superiority of the Greeks. Ismet Pasha wanted to fight on to the end but Kemal, with greater strategy, ordered their retreat.

But Kemal kept his confidence in Ismet Pasha. And events proved him to be right. Ismet Inonu, after reorganizing the army, stopped the Greeks on the Sakharra. A year later he gave the signal for the offensive that advanced Turkish soldiers to the Mediterranean.

At that time, the diplomat in Ismet Pasha asserted himself. At Mudania he negotiated an agreement for the evacuation of the forces of General Harrington from Turkey. At Lausanne he played another diplomatic rôle. He tore up the Treaty of Sèvres, restored the integrity of Turkey proper and returned to his country in triumph. There he went a step higher, becoming President of the Council. For thirteen years, with the exception of one short period, he directed the Government. To remain President of the Council for thirteen years under the temperamental Kemal was an achievement.

Ismet Inonu weathered many tempests. His personal views were more moderate than those of his chief, and he had more faith in the healing influence of time. Nevertheless, he executed the many radical reforms enacted by the Grand Assembly, which was only an instrument of Kemal's will. Under Ismet's leadership, in thirteen years Turkey passed from the Oriental Middle Ages to the twentieth century of the Occident.

Ismet was flexible, but he was not subservient. A year ago a difference of opinion separated him from Atatürk, and the little man retired to private life. He left it abruptly to succeed Kemal. Among the names of men who made the modern Turkey, Kemal stands first, followed by that of Ismet Inonu. The first is now dead and the second takes his place. Until recently Ismet was only an able executive; now he is the moving spirit of Turkey.

DON QUIXOTE OF ANTWERP

By ARVED ARENSTAM

Translated from the *Pester Lloyd*, Budapest German-Language Daily

THESE are hard times for the parliamentary régime in Belgium. The call for resurgence, first uttered by the young Rexist leader, Léon Degrelle, has hardly subsided and already new schemes are afoot.

In Antwerp, a sober and busy harbor city, a well-known aged eccentric, Leo Frenssen, was elected to the City Council. With him, six other utterly unknown people were swept into office. It all started as a joke, but it has ended in all seriousness. While well-known and trusted candidates of the old-line parties went down to defeat, Frenssen, the crank, and his colleagues triumphed.

Fifty-year-old Leo Frenssen is a peddler and a soap-box orator. He is known to every child in Antwerp. Summer and winter he walks through the city with bare feet. Like others of his kind, he affects the beard of Christ, a velvet jacket and an open collar. Day in and day out, for thirty years, he has been hawking his wares from door to door. He deals in coffee. The customers receive free of charge the small leaflet on which he propounds his strange ideas, which have frequently changed in the course of years. Today, he is a convinced pacifist, a disciple of Tolstoi, a war-resister, an Esperantist and a sworn enemy of nicotine and alcohol. Above all, he is a passionate athlete. He practices gymnastics in the streets of Antwerp, demonstrates to the passers-by his newest high jumps and then starts exercises in which all those present are supposed to participate. This, he says, is the secret of life. For a short while he worked in a munitions factory, but he clashed with his foreman and incited the workers with Tolstoian doctrines until he was finally dismissed. Since then, the street has become his domain.

For some time now Frenssen has been an honored member of the Antwerp City Council. Twenty thousand people gave him their vote. His electorate, as has now been established, consisted of workers as well as of intellectuals, middle class people and students. A large contingent consisted of women. Considering the fact that the Socialist Party, the strongest in the country, rolled up only 42,000 votes, Frenssen's triumph becomes all the greater and should be regarded as the strangest phenomenon in the political life of Belgium since the ascendancy of the Rexists. For from the City Council to the House of Representatives and the Senate is only one step: all those who know Frenssen realize that he has only begun and that at the next parliamentary election the Frenssen Party will take an even more active part.

A few figures serve to make clear the extent of Frenssen's success. The Rexists received only 9,000 votes, the Liberals 13,000 and the Catholics 40,000. But all of these parties were able to conduct their election campaign with the help of a long established machinery and particularly with a great deal of money, while Frenssen had only one means of propaganda: his street speeches. In the meantime he had to earn a living. In the evenings he conducted his election meetings. At first the people came to have fun, then they discovered new and interesting ideas. The fifty people who listened to his speeches in the beginning soon grew to a hundred.

Finally his meetings were so well attended that the doors had to be closed. The last meeting before the election was attended by three thousand people. The police had to be called, as those outside threatened to crash the doors. He did not only get laughs; he turned out to be exceedingly able in the art of political polemics. He ridiculed his oppo-

nents, beating them with their own arguments. In short, he turned out to be a very clever politician.

He lives in a narrow street now affectionately called Frenssengasse. When he was elected, his neighbors decorated the streets with garlands and his picture was placed in all windows. He occupies two small, dark rooms and receives visitors with great cordiality. There are many flowers and cakes, which his followers send him. Daily he is interviewed by journalists. He is prepared for any question and nothing daunts him. 'My success,' he says, 'is not at all a freak, as the press claims, but a thoroughly natural thing. The people of Antwerp know me and realize that I have courage, that I have always been an honest man, that I have suffered for my convictions and, above all, that I am a man of the street. I live on the street and know the needs of the street. My program? I am the prophet of social technocracy. Technocracy is a doctrine proclaiming that in every field specialists should take the lead in society. I am opposed to capitalists, who exploit people and I believe that they should disappear. My doctrine aims at a redistribution of earthly goods; but this has nothing to do with vulgar Socialism. People should continue to earn money as they do now, but the new order will enable them to have more leisure. This leisure is absolutely necessary for the practice of athletics.'

He then points to a chart with many circles, stars and crosses.

'When I developed my theories in the streets of Brussels,' Frenssen continues, 'I was arrested by the Mayor and placed in an insane asylum. I had to stay among lunatics for nine days, until the people of Antwerp intervened and I returned home triumphantly. Now my next task will be to influence parents so that they will raise their children in the spirit of my ideas. Regarding my political program, I shall support the unity of productive forces, financial recovery and the introduction of Esperanto in the schools. Esperanto must be placed side by side with French and Flemish. I demand for my followers the right of free speech, so that they can carry the new spirit among the people. I need playgrounds for the children, pensions for the aged. I want the abolition of all means of force, and I insist on the right to resist military service.'

Frenssen claims that he used to sympathize with Communists and Socialists, but that he parted with them long ago when he recognized the falsity of their theories. Now the Marxists hate him and denounce him as a capitalist agent.

This strange upset highlights the feeling of disappointment and dissatisfaction with the traditional parties among the voters. Everywhere one hears the argument that Frenssen got the votes because it could not be worse with him than with the others. The significance of Frenssen's election is even greater because his party can become a decisive

factor in turning the tide—for the Right and the Left are equal in numbers and it is quite likely that both will court the favor of the Frenssen Party.

The Frenssen case is proof of the crisis in the democratic system, which has not spared Belgium. It is a symptom of the times, for such a case is impossible under normal conditions.

W. B. YEATS—IRELAND'S GRAND OLD MAN

By L. A. G. STRONG

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

ACHIEVEMENT in art alone need not make a man great: many great artists have been less than great men. Though he has been all his life a poet, and has made all his energies and interests serve his art, William Butler Yeats is the greatest poet writing English today because those energies and interests have the range and intensity that mean greatness in the man. No one of our time has written a poetry which touches life at so many points and so nobly.

A tremendous vitality, physical as well as mental, has enabled Yeats to exercise himself in manifold activities. His country and his upbringing provided them, and they came naturally to his genius. Yeats has done his country incalculable direct service, and shed upon her the luster of the greatest reputation in contemporary poetry. And he has done it simply by being himself.

Of Anglo-Irish Protestant stock, he received from his father, John Butler Yeats, the portrait painter, a ready encouragement not to be afraid of ideas, and to think for himself. The country around Sligo, where his earliest years were spent, gave him the first impulse of patriotism. The images impressed there upon his quick senses have remained with him and colored his thought. When he and his sister were exiled in London, they stood in angry misery by the drinking fountain near Holland Park, longing for a sod of Sligo turf to hold in their hands. The sod of turf has never been forgotten. From that childish longing grew a fierce desire to serve Ireland. The young man strove to affirm the Irish character in all he saw, to rouse a national consciousness in literature as well as in politics, to create an art in which Ireland could speak with her own voice.

His incandescent mind drew heat from many fires. He learned all he could of Irish legend and folklore. He studied painting and drawing, listened to Dowden and Henley, heard Florence Farr speak verse and met Maud Gonne. Oscar Wilde showed him the possibilities of perfect

speech; William Morris, whom he deeply admired, suggested ideas which have been fundamental to his thought. He mortified his flesh, traveled about Ireland lecturing and poured out his personality in an impassioned effort to awaken his countrymen. From these activities he discovered the need for a public as distinct from a private personality.

'I had sat late talking in public bars, had talked late into the night at many men's houses, showing all my convictions to men that were but ready for one, and used conversation to explore and discover among men who looked for authority.'

Yeats learned something about poetry too. At first, his mystical beliefs had urged him to keep his poems impersonal, to weave the personal emotion (and there was plenty of it) into 'a general pattern of myth and symbol.' Now his expression became more objective and direct: and he found for his external activities exactly the right channel. Some amateur actors had started a theater. Yeats saw its possibilities, collected his friends, and the Irish National Theater was born.

This, and the literary revival of which it was part, did Ireland a service which we cannot calculate. Here was a national movement: books written by Irishmen who lived in Ireland, plays acted by Irish actors for an Irish audience, work which spoke to the Irishman first and to the rest of the world afterwards. Yeats was its central figure, and, in addition to his own plays, gave it its greatest dramatist. Meeting Synge in Paris, where he was working, disappointed and obscure, Yeats divined his powers and sent him back to Ireland, to write plays which enriched the world. Yeats supervised the business of the theater, helped to train the actors, built up a technique for the speaking of verse, attended to a hundred things and; by his inspiration and his growing prestige, delivered the movement from provincialism and secured for it an international repute. Plays and players traveled, achieved new standards of acting, and forced sophisticated audiences to realize that Ireland had a theater which, on its own ground, could compare with any.

In open politics, Yeats's activities have been subsidiary but continuous. A Senator in his later years, he has done much valuable work behind the scenes, as an unofficial negotiator—work for which he is peculiarly fitted.

But the greatest achievement of his life is his poetry. The early poetry was something of an escape, from a world 'too full of weeping' to be understood, to the land of the free imagination, that Land of Heart's desire to which, in his play, the fairy beckons the newly married bride. Then, in his middle years, he made a complete break, put off 'the embroidered cloak,' and resolved

*To write for my own race
And for the reality.*

The new poetry, bare, 'withered into truth,' proved capable of including without loss of dignity almost the full range of modern life. Yeats has not only written the perfect political poem: he has made noble poetry of the most unpromising subjects, with a power of phrase recalling that of Swift.

A sociable man, a wit, and a brilliant talker, Yeats never swamps his company. He is vividly interested in anyone who has a mind of his or her own, and eager to find out what they think. What is more, he brings out the best in those who meet him, enabling them to talk at a level of which they would never have thought themselves capable. The only people who fail with him are the foolish, the arrogant and those who treat him with reverence. This he cannot abide. It arouses his dislike at once, and his dislikes are vigorous; yet he never lets them influence his literary judgment.

This integrity, this aristocracy of mind, never fails him. He can be mischievous on occasion: there is nothing forbidding about him, and he loves a good story. Kind to the timid, he will dismiss a bore with exemplary sharpness. He has helped and encouraged scores of young writers; and he never swerves in art, in faith, or in friendship.

RUMANIA'S DEAD FÜHRER

I believe I was the last Englishman to see Codreanu alive.

I had interviewed him once before. The second time, I visited him at the 'Green House,' the Iron Guard equivalent of Hitler's Brown House in Munich. Codreanu greeted me warmly. A copy of the *Daily Herald* was in his hand. The headline read 'Rumania's "Film Star" Hitler.'

When I asked him if he liked the interview, he frowned and pointed to the headline. 'Isn't that somewhat ironical?' he said, the steely blue eyes fixed on me. 'On the contrary, Captain,' I told him. 'In England, when a man is called a film star, it means he has achieved fame greater than if he were Prime Minister.'

Codreanu smiled with obvious satisfaction. 'Now I understand. It's a splendid interview,' he said. Then, picking up a book, he handed it to me, saying, 'I have written something in it for you.' One of his officers translated his autographed words: 'To A. L. Easterman, an honest and correct journalist.'

To this day I am unable to explain this mystery: I had been warned that Codreanu must know that I am a Jew and that I will not come back alive. Codreanu himself told me: 'I and every member of the Iron Guard have sworn an oath on the Holy Bible and by the Archangel Michael never, as long as we live, to talk to or shake hands with a Jew. I can instinctively tell a Jew as soon as he enters a room.' I have never concealed my origin or my faith and the Iron Guard spies were the most efficient in all Rumania.

—A. L. Easterman in *Daily Herald*, London

' . . . If democracies had fulfilled their purpose, there would be no dictatorship.'

Democracy *under* Fire

By ROBERT ARON

Translated from *Vendémiaire*
Paris Topical Weekly

EVERYWHERE we see the democracies, dazed and supine, giving way before the dictatorships. Whether they are strong and rich, like England, or represent, as does France, an old culture, they are retreating on all fronts.

What is astonishing is not so much the aggressiveness of the dictatorships—which, after all, is their reason for existence—as the complete absence of resistance by the democracies. They seem hypnotized, as though approaching peril had numbed their defense reflexes. Their constant defeats seem almost as though they were prepared and accepted from within, and the only way they appear to defend democracy is by adopting the very political customs which they abominate in the aggressor—a gesture which is both feeble and absurd.

For what is the British National Service in the face of the Hitler Labor Service? Or the plenary powers of M. Daladier in France, by which parliamentary prerogatives are tempo-

rarily suspended, in comparison with the complete subjugation of Parliament which has been achieved in Italy and Germany? On the face of the energetic autarchies of the totalitarian States, the directed economies of the democratic countries seem pitiful.

The fact is, this attitude of emulation—gingerly and timid though it may be—is revealing evidence of the strange relationship between the two philosophies of government that are at deadly grips today. The democratic resistance before the totalitarian onslaught is weakened because the democracies have a bad conscience: for they are a palpable betrayal of the social principles of which the dictatorships are a complete and brutal repudiation.

It was the errors of the democratic method that have brought about the dictatorships in the first place, for if the democracies had fulfilled their purpose, there would not have been any dictatorships. But the democratic States of Europe have always failed

to live up to their obligations; they have never been able to find institutions to correspond to their principles; and, as a result, their institutions were taken over and shaped to the totalitarian mold. Mussolini himself once said that Fascism was nothing but an emphasized democracy. Perhaps, trying to do homage to democracy, he was voicing the most appalling blasphemy against it—that of a prodigal son against a selfishly neglectful father.

An analysis of the framework upon which the present form of democracy is built allows one to make this rebuke more definite. We are speaking of the Parliament. The adversaries of democratic régimes always begin with the assembly. The Fascists took over the Italian Parliament and the Hitlerites did the same to the Reichstag. And after they have become the masters, do they actually suppress these bulwarks of democracy? Not at all. They keep them, simply emphasizing their function, which is centralization and supposed representation of the will of the country. There must be something in the parliamentary system that makes it a logical candidate for prostitution. If in the countries that have gone totalitarian, the Parliament has been both the chosen battlefield and the antechamber to the dictatorship, it must be that Parliament is not, as it claims, an assembly that guards and expresses the popular will, but that it is rather a trap for democratic liberties, and, in many cases, their tomb.

II

What is the Parliament? It is really a sort of trust company. Just as modern trusts achieve the concentration

of the consumers' needs, the potentialities of the producers and the money of the taxpayers, in the same way, the Parliament achieves centralization of votes and popular will. In industry the trust is supposed to be a 'democratic' institution. Its general assemblies, if all the shareholders were present, would make for a large distribution of votes. Its decisions are made by a majority of votes. Yet this collection of democratic measures, with constant references to the public and appeals to popular collaboration serves to produce a central organism whose last worry is to work for the interests of that public.

How is it different in the Parliament? Of course, it is elected for a number of years by universal suffrage. That merely means that a voter surrenders his privileges as a citizen into the hands of the man he chooses to represent him, electing him on a program which, according to his reasonable belief, will but rarely be followed, as a result of Parliamentary combinations. Why, then, should the Parliament be an obstacle to dictatorial customs and institutions when, on the contrary, it illustrates so clearly the principle that wherever there is concentration, there cannot be liberty?

If the Parliament is a danger when it functions well, what can one say of the danger present in times when it functions badly? In the latter case, the Parliament not only paves the way for dictators, but even provides them with an excuse for operating, inasmuch as its defects disgust its followers and at the same time encourage the enemies of freedom. In attempting to reconcile the interests of the country at large, of the State and of the special interests that elect

its Deputies, it ends in a compromise that satisfies no one. Its confusion is great and its output feeble.

One is inclined to blame its members, who are often honorable, conscientious and competent men. But the very manner of their election forces them to defend special local interests: it is a vital—one can almost say, electoral—necessity for them. But at the same time, a member of Parliament is expected to represent the country at large; he is elected for the purpose of legislating and modifying by his vote the laws of his country. And he is also a State official. A member of Parliament, then, is at once everything and nothing. Everything, because he participates at the same time in the privileges of his local district, of the nation and of the Administration. Nothing, because, fluctuating between these different functions, he is a geometrical point of contradictions and conflicts, and therefore the weakest link in an over-centralized country. In order to believe in the efficiency of a member of Parliament under these conditions, one must assume that all these diverse interests are in constant harmony.

III

The present Parliamentary system suffers from two evils which lead it to betray the democratic values that it is supposed to represent. First, there is no connection between the local needs expressed by the electorate and the results of legislative measures which must take into account so many factors unrelated to popular will, since as a central political assembly, Parliament is not made to defend local or professional interests.

And here we come to the second evil, the second absurdity from which Parliament suffers: confusion of functions. An entirely political institution, it is forced to assume the purely technical function of elaborating the laws and even certain parts of the budget, although no one of its members is ever elected for his technical qualifications. Moreover, when Parliament legislates, it legislates for the whole of the nation and the laws are obligatory for all of the regions, cities and economic groups. This is a purely abstract and didactic view, which disregards the diversity of a country and claims that the same law, in the same terms, must apply to the North as well as to the South, to agricultural as well as urban regions.

Nevertheless, there is no reason to suppress Parliament altogether, as has been proposed by many anti-parliamentarians of the Right, who plan in this manner to batter down the last defense and guarantee of popular will. On the contrary, it should be reinforced and clarified. Its field of action should be limited and its mode of election changed. As a political assembly, it should have for its only task the political function of controlling the conformity of the initiative of special assemblies, professional or local, in all legislative matters. Its personnel must be reduced for reasons of efficiency.

Meanwhile, the functions that it will relinquish must be assumed by more competent organisms. In the limited cases where the interests of the nation as a whole are at stake, the laws must be initiated by the Government. For all other cases, they must emanate from the professional and local assemblies—trade unions, general councils, chambers of commerce—

which will meet twice a year for a month's session. They will at that time frame projects which will be submitted to the votes of Parliament, and, if approved, passed on to a technical organization, which will give them their finished form. From there the laws should be forwarded to the various local assemblies where necessary adaptations to local conditions will be made. The rôle of the local assemblies will then be double: on the one hand, to initiate the laws that concern them, and on the other hand,

to regulate the application of the law once it is passed.

Thus, the Parliament, disengaged from everything that exceeds its competence, will at last be able to exercise its one purely democratic function by being able to attend to the will of the nation. The centralization and congestion that we see today and which paves the way for dictatorship and Fascism will be abolished, and a true balance will finally be established between the country and its political center.

PERFECTLY CHARMING!

By REYNARD

From the *World Review*, London

Let us, who friendship's path pursue,
Give credit where the credit's due,
Avoiding the distorted view
Of frenzied demonstrators
Whose version of democracy
(Mere rampant ideology)
Assumes that we can not agree
With Europe's armed Dictators.

It took me but one *tête-à-tête*
The fallacy to dissipate
That Leaders of a Fascist state
Are greedy, grim or frightful.
In fact, if we can once dismiss
The ideologic prejudice,
The truth about Dictators is
They're perfectly delightful.

A naval expert explains why Britain's
once busy shipyards now stand empty.

Britain's Vanishing Armada

By SIR ARCHIBALD HURD

From the Nineteenth Century and After
London Independent Monthly

THERE are sixty shipbuilding yards—some larger than others—in Great Britain and Northern Ireland which are equipped to turn out a potential total of 2,000,000 gross tons of merchant ships per year. By the middle of next year 75 per cent of that capacity will remain unused; the building-berths will be empty, the naval architects and draughtsmen idle, the craftsmen existing on the dole, and most of the personnel suffering deterioration in skill for want of work. The plight of the shipyards means not only unemployment in the various centers of the industry on the coasts; the reactions will be felt in a hundred inland cities and towns which contribute various kinds of ship equipment, as well as by steel-makers, miners and railway-workers normally engaged in the transport of shipbuilding material of all descriptions.

That is the crisis which is developing owing, on the one hand, to the price of new tonnage having advanced beyond the figure at which British

shipowners can afford to build; and, on the other, to the fact that old-established customers under other flags have been led to place orders abroad.

In the years 1892-94, eight out of every ten merchant ships (81.6 per cent, to be exact) under all flags were of British construction, as well as a large proportion of men-of-war built for other Powers than Britain. Orders at that time came from all quarters of the earth—the United States, Japan, China, the South American Republics, Germany, Italy, and even France and Scandinavia. As late as 1914 the proportion of merchant-ships of the world built in Great Britain was as high as 61.1. The British output had, in fact, formed a fairly stable proportion of the world's new tonnage, and the national trading account showed year by year considerable ship exports, to the great profit of the nation as a whole. It became apparent, however, in the early years of the present century that the British position was

being undermined. At the outbreak of war German trade was practically extinct, and German competition was being met in other markets. Italy had largely increased her output of vessels and Japan, at one time a large buyer, became a seller of vessels.

The War showed foreign nations the advantages of a national mercantile marine and the value of encouraging national shipbuilding facilities. Their experience enabled them to compete more nearly on even terms with British shipbuilders. Shipbuilding establishments on the European continent were extended and skilled labor was trained on a scale beyond anything hitherto known. There was no longer any secret in successful ship-construction; knowledge of naval architecture and marine engineering had become diffused throughout the world, Scandinavian firms, in particular, gaining a lead.

The demand for tonnage for some time after the War was so great that the capacity of shipyards in every country was fully occupied, but the strength and ability of those engaged in the British shipbuilding industry were to be brought to a test later, when the world's most urgent requirements had been satisfied.

The British leaders of the industry decided to band together in the spirit of self-help. The Shipbuilding Employers' Federation was strengthened to deal with all production problems—wages and hours and conditions of work. Later there was organized the National Shipbuilders Security, Ltd., with Sir James Lithgow at its head, to make shipyard production more rational, and has reduced their output capacity by about one-third. Meanwhile the Shipbuilding Conference

was organized under Sir Amos Ayre to develop and coördinate the commercial policy of the industry. In spite of these measures, however, the proportion of the world's shipbuilding in Great Britain and Northern Ireland has continued to decline.

The following conditions were revealed by *Lloyd's Register* (which periodically supplies statistics on the shipbuilding situation) at the end of June, 1938: the preëminence of the British shipbuilding industry had gone; instead of building 81.6 per cent (the 1892-94 level) of all new tonnage for the world's fleets and a good many of its men-of-war, the establishments of Great Britain and Ireland were responsible for only 31.6 per cent of the merchant tonnage and only a few foreign men-of-war of small size, with the prospect that the proportion would be far less by the end of the year.

II

Many reasons can be given to explain why the shipyards of Great Britain and Northern Ireland have lost foreign orders which would otherwise have come to them in the past as a matter of course. In the first place, since the National Government came to power it has introduced tariffs to protect some industries, but not those most necessary to an island community; it has voted subsidies in support of others, such as sugar-beet growing, which has been aided to the extent of £21,000,000; it has imposed import quotas in order to encourage home and empire production. By these means the standard of living, based on high wages, has been raised, to the benefit of the large part of the working population, which has never

been so prosperous as today—working shorter hours, consuming vast quantities of imported food, and many enjoying holidays each summer with full pay.

Shipbuilding employers as well as the employers in the ancillary industries concerned with ship equipment had to keep pace with this upward movement, or suffer all the ills resulting from strikes. They had, besides, to weather the economic policy of the Government and the generous scale of its social services, the cost of which has risen from £35.5 to £421.5 millions. As a result, cost of ships constructed in our shipyards is from 40 to 50 per cent greater than it was two years ago.

Only recently Sir Edward Beatty, president and chairman of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, whose trains and ships encircle the globe, came to this country to order two passenger liners which were to maintain, with the aid of operating subsidies from the governments of the United Kingdom, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and Fiji, the All-Red Route across the Pacific Ocean. He was soon satisfied that ships built at prices which had to be asked by the prospective builders could not be made to pay, and the construction of the two ships had to be postponed.

Nevertheless, for a long time British firms continued to compete successfully. They had nothing to fear under conditions of ordinary economic competition. The quality of craftsmanship and strict adherence to time schedules were unquestioned. As late as 1930 work for foreign owners was valued at upward of £20,000,000, no inconsiderable contribution to the balancing of the national trading ac-

count. But conditions soon created in the shipyards of the European continent were without parallel in the history of shipbuilding. The situation was such that a leading British expert claimed that 'if the workers on the hulls in British shipyards had been prepared to labor without wages, and their employers to forgo all hope of profit, orders which are now being carried out in some Continental yards still could not have been secured, so great is the advantage in price which foreign builders can offer to all comers, British and foreign.'

Shipbuilders on the Continent were placed by a combination of circumstances in a position to undercut British prices. As was the case with Germany a year or two ago, 'frozen credits' were liquidated by building ships, especially oil-tankers; in other cases barter arrangements were made, by which the products of one country, such as fish, coffee, oil, coal, timber and other commodities were offered in return for ships. Scandinavian firms, in particular, benefited by depreciated currencies. Governments and municipalities have constantly coöperated to make these advantages decisive in securing contracts for their shipyards. Moreover, many foreign firms gained an advantage from the lower standard of their wages and their longer working-hours, as well as lighter taxation.

III

The British Government, meanwhile, has given no aid to the industry, apart from the temporary help of the Trade Facilities Acts, the modest scrap-and-build scheme, which was in large measure a failure, and a loan, at a profitable rate of interest, to the

Cunard White Star Company. Under the Anglo-Turkish agreement provision was made, it should be added, for orders for new ships to be placed in this country. The amount of money involved in these orders will be inconsiderable, but the principle has at least been recognized.

Thus the shipbuilders of Great Britain and Northern Ireland stand defeated—first, by the favor shown by the National Government, by means of the tariff, subsidies and import quotas to a variety of non-essential industries and, secondly, by the various unsound expedients adopted on the European continent as well as in Japan.

Free trade, as an economic policy, has been buried, but our Ministers still profess to believe in the freedom of the seas. They have left British shipowners and shipbuilders defenseless against the effects, on the one hand, of the British Protectionist policy and, on the other, of government-subsidized foreign competition. As a result, there are 2,000 fewer ocean-going ships on the British register than in 1914, when lack of merchant shipping nearly brought the Allies to defeat, and only one quarter of the rationalized capacity of the shipbuilding industry of Great Britain and Northern Ireland has any prospect of employment during the coming winter on merchant work.

The basic remedies are simple. First, British buying power should be used to support British shipping and shipbuilding; Imperial preference, now applied to goods, should be extended to their transport overseas. Secondly,

a subsidy on a mileage basis should be paid, where necessary, on all British ships, liners and tramps. Thirdly, a bounty should be available for all new vessels built for service under foreign flags, with an import duty on the value of all liners, tramps or coastal vessels built abroad for registration in the United Kingdom. By these means the decline of British shipping would be arrested, without affront to the United States, and other foreign shipping, supported by uneconomic expedients or operated in conditions which British seamen would not tolerate, would be penalized.

The root of all the troubles of shipbuilding, as well as shipping, is that the Board of Trade is concerned with too many industries and interests, with the result that the President can give only perfunctory attention to the needs of the maritime industries, which not only employ not far short of a million men, but constitute the first line of defense of the people who live in the British Isles, not to mention the people of the Dominions, Colonies and Protectorates, all in varying degree sea dependent. These maritime industries are now more or less subject to several departments, particularly the Board of Trade, the Home Office and the Ministry of Health—a condition of chaos and not of order. It is time, in the opinion of many shipowners that a Ministry of Marine should be created, thus coördinating everything connected with the commercial sea interests of this country and of the whole Empire, and affording to them proper representation in the Cabinet and in Parliament.

Some observations about the present state and the future of the 'dark continent;' the colonial problem, seen through the eyes of a loyal colonial.

African ABC

I. SCRUTINY OF AFRICA

By LORD HAILEY

From the *Listener*, Weekly Organ of the British Broadcasting Corporation

MANY OF YOU may have been saying to yourselves, 'Why should I be interested in Africa? Imperialism is out of date; cannot we leave Africa alone and get on with our own affairs, which are difficult enough?'

I can quite understand this view. But I will give you three reasons why you should reject it. In the first place, the claims of Germany for the return of her former colonies have brought Africa directly into the forefront of European politics. In the second place, Africa is no longer 'the dark continent,' cut off from Europe and the rest of the world. It has become a projection of Europe. There is no part of Africa, except Egypt and Liberia, in which development is not today controlled by one or another of the European peoples. And it is of the greatest interest and importance that we should know what they are making

of their different spheres of influence. Thirdly, Africa has reached a critical point in its development. It is possible to exaggerate the economic value of colonies to the European powers; but it is not easy to exaggerate the importance to the world of the experiments that will be made in the next twenty years in this great living laboratory.

The work of governments no longer means putting down tribal warfare, or protecting Africans from exploitation by European employers, or opening up means of communication. I do not say that nothing remains to be done in these and similar directions. In some areas in particular a good deal remains to be done. But there has actually been a very great deal achieved in the last twenty years in building up the framework of administration. There has been a very real progress made in maintaining

law and order, expanding cultivation, extending communications and increasing health and educational facilities. What is of chief importance now is to know what kind of superstructure the different governments are creating. We want to know what their system of education aims at, and what type of social and political institutions they expect to establish.

We want to know in short what kind of African is expected to emerge at the end of it. The need for special consideration at this stage lies in the fact that the policies adopted now will be decisive in the development of Africa for many generations to come.

II

Among the physical and other factors which must determine the development of native Africa the first point is this. Africa, taken as a whole, has a larger proportion of tropical area than any other continent. It has to be recognized that the greater part is quite unsuited for European settlement. I am not, of course, speaking here of South Africa or Southern Rhodesia, nor of certain areas in East Africa which lie over 3,000 feet above sea level. But the greater part of the rest of Africa south of the Sahara must always remain what may be described as a native area. The European will be there as a trader or organizer of industry, not as part of a resident population. We do not even know enough of the effects of solar radiation on residents near the equator to be very clear as to the extent to which a European population will be a permanent feature in countries such as Kenya or Tanganyika. It is not in any case likely largely to increase.

Take a second point. As compared with other areas of similar size, except Australia, Africa is underpopulated. Early observers, looking at its great size, estimated its population as high as 205 millions; subsequent experiences of the interior caused the estimate to come down at one time to 28 million; now we know that it is roughly 145 million. That makes 13 to the square mile. Asia has nearly 50 to the square mile. Many thinkers now hold that the lack of population is due to the absence of certain constituents in the soil. It is believed that the soil deficiencies may be the cause of malnutrition, which in turn reduces the resistance to disease.

I come to a third point. You cannot expect social advance unless you have a great improvement in general standards of living. What is the prospect that the native population of Africa can achieve this improvement? At present, the great majority of Africans are still engaged in growing and making only what they use for their own subsistence. There is a section, now growing in size, which is producing by native methods a number of crops which come on the market, such as cotton, ground-nuts, cocoa or palm-oil. Thirdly, there is the section which continues to carry on its own cultivation, but depends also on wage-earning in European undertakings. In the British, French and Belgian areas there is now no direct compulsion applied to secure labor for private employers. The need for cash for taxes, and even more for the purchase of clothes, bicycles and the like, is strong enough to attract Africans into the wage-earning jobs. There is finally the section now growing up in the Union and in the copper mines which

is fully industrial, in the sense that it depends entirely on wage-earning. This is, of course, only a small proportion of the whole.

Great efforts are being made by all administrations to extend cultivation both for food and for export crops. But the main difficulty of improving native agriculture is still unsolved; I mean the discovery of a method of reducing the use of shifting cultivation.

The deficiencies in the soil over large parts of Africa are such that it is rapidly exhausted by cropping. Africans discovered, long before we Europeans arrived there, that fertility can be maintained by clearing a patch by fire or otherwise, cultivating it for two or three years and then leaving it alone for a number of years to recover itself. It is a destructive process; but we have not yet found any alternative suitable for general adoption. Again, there are large areas where the tsetse fly makes it impossible to keep cattle because it brings sleeping sickness in its train.

Moreover, if we look to industrial development to increase wealth and raise standards of living, we must recognize that the use of labor on European farms is not likely to expand to any great extent, and that the extension of industrial undertakings will therefore in a great part of Africa depend on the possibility of an expansion of mining. But although mining is predominant in the Union and a few other places, there are many large areas in which no minerals worth mining have yet been found. Moreover, the benefits which mining of exportable minerals bring to the general population are of course limited. So you see, it is difficult to foresee the

time when the great mass of Africans will have standards of living which even distantly approach those of Europe.

III

If these are the material factors affecting development, what are the human factors? In regard to health, we can still only guess the situation in the greater part of Africa. Sleeping sickness, leprosy and yellow fever have attracted much attention in Europe; but it is possible that more harm is actually done by the prevalence of disease and malnutrition, of hookworm and malaria. It seems that the population is either stationary or only slowly increasing. As to mental capacity, tradition has long associated the African with backwardness. But we must be clear here what we mean by capacity. We really mean the African's ability to conduct his life successfully in the new environment which we are creating. Assumptions about his innate capacity are of very little use here.

It is particularly difficult to form a judgment now, because the African is being given no time to adapt himself gradually to modern civilization. Civilization is thrusting itself on him with a rush. Until modern times, most of Africa was shut off from outside influence, and there is therefore a greater difference between the customs and social ideas of Africa and those of Europe, than there is, for instance, between those of Europe and most of Asia. We shall not know much about the African's capacity to make the best of life in the new conditions, until he himself has had much further experience of the new environment; but we might remember that in

Europe we have had several hundred years in which to emerge from tribalism.

What sort of changes are being forced on Africa by this contact between modern and primitive life? For one thing, land is still held in a kind of common tenure; if there is to be more intensive cultivation and if experience elsewhere is a useful guide, holdings must gradually be individualized. Society is simple and equalitarian; if native industry and trade are to grow, there must be a specialization in practicing crafts, and greater differentiation between the members

of society. There are over 700 languages; some fusion of the less important is needed in the interest of communication. These are only a few of many instances; but it is the change in deep-lying matters like these which constitutes the real problem of development. There are many who are concerned not only at the extent of this transformation, but its rapidity. We are cutting people adrift from all the ideas and customs which regulated their lives; ought we to do this unless we are certain that what we are substituting is really suited to their character and their conditions?

II. A COLONIAL VIEWS WITH ALARM

By VERNON A. BARBER

From the *National Review*, London Independent Conservative Monthly

THE crisis in Europe is past, perhaps to be succeeded by a crisis over the return to Germany of her former colonies. The views of the British Government and of that section of the people of Britain which supports Mr. Chamberlain's policy of concession and friendliness toward Germany have received wide publicity. But what do the people in the Dominions and Colonies—the professional man, the office worker, the man in the street—think of it all? Briefly, they deplore the so-called settlement reached at Munich, and they fear the future, for if Britain agrees to Germany's colonial demands, their ultimate doom is sealed.

Mr. Chamberlain did, no doubt, save Europe from immediate war, but the predominant feeling in the Empire was one of disappointment: not because there was no war, but because

the people of the Empire saw in Mr. Chamberlain's attitude an admission of failure to live up to a great and honorable tradition, and foresaw the effect of his actions as a loss of prestige followed by further demands from Germany which, because of the political isolation of Britain achieved at Munich, would be more difficult to refuse.

Deep in their hearts the people of the Dominions and Colonies were hurt and ashamed because Britain had allowed herself to be dictated to; because in her eagerness to avoid a war, which they believe to be inevitable, Britain threw overboard those principles the upholding of which has been her proud boast for hundreds of years. Britain has a reputation for justice, fair play and sportsmanship, in the international as well as the domestic field; but none of these qualities was

discernible in the manner in which the Munich settlement was negotiated. The British Empire, through the Mother Country, has the reputation of being one of the greatest Powers in the world, whose integrity and whose word cannot lightly be assailed. The dictation to a great Power by Germany sticks in the throats of the people of the Empire, who feel that the time has arrived—in fact, arrived long ago—when Great Britain should assert herself, and, in the only language which bullies and dictators understand, should state bluntly that under no circumstances will she allow Germany to have any African colonies.

II

To many people in the United Kingdom the words British Empire convey merely a vision of color on a map of the world; to many, a fantastically unreal vision of rich plantations, enormous ranches, boundless wealth and a life of ease for the white man; to some it vaguely represents the sunny lands which might provide a solution for Britain's unemployed problem; while to others it means statistics of imports and exports.

But to those who live in the Dominions and Colonies the British Empire is something real. It represents the results of countless sacrifices; of nearly three hundred years of unremitting toil; of almost unimaginable hardships borne uncomplainingly; of high standards upheld. The British Empire was founded by men of high courage and great vision, by men of enterprise who refused to be beaten either by nature or by adversaries. These Empire-builders instilled into their colonial-born children a veneration

for British institutions and an intensely passionate love of England which time has not dimmed. Their descendants today are as proud of being British as any Englishman born, and they are certainly more jealous of Britain's reputation in the world than some of those in high places appear to be.

It is because of this that the people of the Empire dislike the Munich settlement and are not only disappointed with the part played by Britain, but gravely anxious about the future. They see the whole wretched business as a betrayal of democratic principles, and of their own very high ideals; a betrayal of those courageous Empire-builders who made Britain all-powerful. Their hero-worship of Britain and all things British has given them, perhaps, an exaggerated idea of the principles which guide British statesmen and of the implacable determination behind the enforcement of those principles, and that is why the people of the Empire, like any youngster whose idol has been proved to have feet of clay, are bitterly mortified as they see their England, for which they would willingly and cheerfully have fought, being pulled down from the pedestal it occupied and trailed through the mud of cynical German contempt.

For the Englishman to understand this intense feeling he must realize that the people in the Dominions and Colonies are surrounded by visible reminders of Britain's greatness. The very land they live in, the advantages they enjoy are eloquent testimony not only of Britain's power, but of her fine principles of justice and freedom. It must be realized, too, that throughout their lives the people of Empire

think of and refer to Britain as Home; that they dream of the beautiful English countryside and heather-scented Scottish moors and yearn to see them. The countries of Empire are the places they know best, but Britain is always the Mecca of their thoughts.

III

And their view of the future, what is it? The people of Empire hope that Britain will reverse her present policy of concession to German demands and take the influential and powerful position she once held. They realize that the alliance with France is absolutely essential to the maintenance of her island security, but they feel that the Empire in itself is sufficient unto itself.

It is, however, with the immediate future that the people of Empire are most concerned, and the people of South Africa, Rhodesia and British East Africa, particularly, demand that Britain shall make no concession of any kind in regard to former German colonies. Let it be said at once that the British people in Africa are prepared to fight to prevent a transfer to Germany of the mandates over Southwest Africa and Tanganyika.

Southwest Africa and Tanganyika are of immense strategical importance to the British Empire, and if these territories are placed under the control of Nazi Germany, Britain's supremacy at sea would be very seriously challenged and the opportunity would be provided for Germany to cut, perhaps to control, the sea routes to the East, and to split the Empire. The position of Kenya would be extremely delicate. This colony would be sandwiched between a German-controlled Tanganyika and Italian Ethiopia, and

would be unable to withstand a combined attack for long.

Equally important from the strategic point of view is Southwest Africa. Leaving for the moment the menace to the security of the Union, German possession of Southwest Africa would enable German ships, based on Lüderitzbucht, to cut the sea route to the Cape, which in case of war will become the Empire life-line; and in the event of attack on Kenya Germany would be provided with another naval base from which her ships could raid the Indian Ocean. With Italy strongly entrenched in Libya and Ethiopia, the transfer of colonies to Germany would be suicidal from the Imperial point of view, unless Britain is prepared to maintain large fighting forces in Rhodesia and Kenya.

The danger to the Union of German possession of Tanganyika and Southwest Africa is no less than the danger of extinction. The Union holds a mineral wealth to obtain which Germany may consider worth while the risk of war with the British Empire. At best, the defenses of the Union are hopelessly inadequate, and even when Mr. Pirow's belated scheme to improve those defenses by the expenditure of £6,000,000 on armaments is brought to fruition, the Union would still be unable to meet and withstand a double attack from the north and the west. The Witwatersrand is within bombing distance of Tanganyika, the southern borders of which are 1,000 miles from the Transvaal, and the whole of the Union would be in easy range of aircraft launched from Southwest African airdromes. The border between the two countries is not at present guarded, and if Germany was in possession of the mandated territory, the

Union could not find the number of men, nor provide the armaments necessary to defend it.

In a speech in Johannesburg on October 15 General Smuts, who had evidently been put up to test public feeling, or perhaps to prepare the public for an announcement that the British and Union Governments were agreeable to discuss the return of German colonies, for the speech was later broadcast from Britain in four languages, suggested that we should allow the changes in the European system to be brought into operation peacefully; that the present generation should sit back and accept the new order of things and leave the solution of the problems which may arise to another generation. He referred to the

return to Germany of her former colonies. Where it was not received with forthright condemnation and open hostility, this speech was received in South Africa with marked coolness, and there can be no doubt about the depth and intensity of public feeling on this subject. The British people in Africa, and most of the Afrikanders do not want Germany as a colonial Power in Africa. And on the face of it, it seems absurd for Britain even to think of transferring the mandates of former German colonies, for Africa today is, and will be to an even greater extent in the future, the keystone of the British Empire; if a German wedge is driven in, it will not be long before the whole edifice is cracked and will come tumbling down.



—Marianne, Paris

DALADIER: He seems to want colonies.

CHAMBERLAIN: Yes, but does he want them as an appetizer or as an entrée?

A woman explorer writes about the
colorful life among the Bedouins.

People *of the* Hadhramaut

By FREYA STARK

From the *Geographical Magazine*
London Monthly

WHEN, after a winter in the Hadhramaut, I climbed the gangway of an Orient liner to return to Europe, the first thing I noticed was the general effect of vulgarity produced by European clothes. For men's attire the matter is so obvious, it need hardly be elaborated: any European object, such as a pair of white tennis shoes or a sporting cap, is enough to make the best-looking Arab ridiculous, whereas their own head- or foot-gear can be worn by us without loss of dignity and often with an increase of beauty. But when it comes to women's clothes, which in Europe are not ugly in themselves, the difference is more delicate; and I have reached the conclusion that the generally decorative effect of Eastern dress on the whole is due to its traditional quality, the subservience of individual fancies to rules, which gives a general harmony and restraint to every gathering of females.

Everything is regulated, and the

differences allowed are only differences of detail. If you look at the little Arab hand, decorated with henna, you know at once if it belongs to a married woman or a bride. The palms and finger-nails are dark orange in both cases, but those twists and spirals, branches and stars and crosses would be very indelicate indeed on any but virgin fingers.

It is, of course, impossible to obtain photographs of women of the better class until they have become so emancipated that they no longer wear anything worth photographing, but I had many friends among the children of our little town, and they promised to come and show me their new gowns on the day of the feast, when everyone, even the poorest, tries to enjoy a new dress and a dinner. The children's clothes are exactly the same as those of their elders, and they wear the same jewels; but they vary from town to town, and from class to class, so that you may know at sight whether it is a

a noble 'sherifa', a Bedouin, or a peasant you are speaking to, and whether she comes from north or south.

The sherifa (or her daughter) usually wears the coral headdress which, alas! is fast vanishing, encircled by its crown of silver cases now purely ornamental—for they cannot be opened—but once obviously intended for amulets. The silver bells which hang from the headdress like a mane, on silver chains, too have vanished. I have seen them worn only once or twice, in very remote places.

A bride I knew wore them, when she stood up to dance among her friends. It was her second marriage, to the same husband, who had divorced his interim wife and was now taking her back—so she was among all the relations she knew and was fond of, and the assembled guests were women she saw almost every day. Yet she was trembling with nervousness, and her sisters-in-law were almost as anxious, and arranged her with affectionate little touches, a fold here and a pull there, as she stood up on a floor so packed with women that it looked like nothing so much as the bottom of a boat full of fish after a haul.

The dancing affects only the top of the body—the feet do no more than stamp with a delicate jerk; an anklet with small bells is worn to jingle in time. But this subsidiary proceeding is usually submerged by the audience, cross-legged all about, whose eyes concentrate on the upper part of the figure, which swings its long plaits in great circles, and immolates every detail of costume and complexion to the absorbing critical gaze of female friends. If the plaits are not long enough, some sham ones are attached,

hooked on without embarrassment in public and kindly lent as you would a spare handkerchief to friends in need. The great art is to move the head sufficiently to keep all these tresses in motion and yet not disturb the ten or twenty necklaces which, plastering the breast in cascading tiers and in a strictly regulated order, must not be too obviously clutched.

'Does it make you giddy?' I asked one of these ladies as she tottered among the tangle of legs and gowns back to her place beside me.

She gave me a pained look, and then whispered: 'It does, but you should not ask, because it is a disgrace to be giddy.'

In Arabia, as elsewhere, it is not so easy for the well-brought-up female to be truly refined.

II

All this gorgeousness is of course only visible in the interior of the harem. In the street, the noble ladies of Huraidha wear either a white sheet-like overall from which only the face, covered in a black veil, emerges; or they go about in a great black shawl like their slaves. There was a good deal of indignation owing to the fact that in these modern times, when slaves are no longer what they used to be and inclined to have ideas above their stations, they would go about draping the two ends of their shawl over one arm like a lady instead of throwing them over their shoulder as they should. 'And then,' said the ladies of Huraidha, 'who can tell us apart?'

That a change of fashion is now and then introduced suddenly was brought home to me in a painful manner, for I was the unwilling cause. The religious

Head of the little town, admiring the ugly simplicity of my attire, ordered all the pretty spangles, sequins, gold threads and beads and cowrie shells to be ripped off the satin gowns of his town. It was just at the time of the feast, and everyone had a new dress already spangled. Despair and the snipping of scissors filled every harem. I did what I could and appealed in person—all to no avail. 'For,' said the men in a depressingly unanimous chorus, 'the spangles are expensive and what is the use of them all?'—a futile but unanswerable argument.

It is, indeed, probable that there are more drawbacks to the pleasures of being a lady in Arabia than in Europe. The peasants are happier. They often do not veil, and the Bedouin never do. Both wear black, which the peasants decorate with silver thread or spangles, and surmount with a tall witch hat against the sun; they wear different belts too from the towns-women and often different anklets, and they can be seen either with or without the overdress which the well-born must ever wear in public. But the Bedouin women are freest of all, for, in their own houses, they will actually sit and join in the circle of conversation with the men; they marry for love, and the man who wants them must woo them; and they not only have, but are recognized as having, a will of their own.

These people are Bedouin, but nomads no longer. They live in a hill-side cave which had once been a pre-Islamic tomb; the shelves of its ancient dead are now used to hold the scanty household goods, and the place, roomy and cool, lit rather dimly from a door to which one climbs by rough steps, is as pleasant a shelter as one could wish, protected alike from the cold of winter

and heat of summer and from the rains that pour overhead to water the thin and thirsty strip of tilled ground below. A week or two of intermittent rain suffices for the year: the ready crop springs up and is gathered, and the land returns to its stony desert emptiness again.

The work specially reserved for the children is the herding of flocks. The little girls usually attend to it, and it is a charming sight to watch the goats run and cluster round their shepherdess when anything alarms them. She it is who cuts and beats their food down to them from unattainable trees when the sun has scorched the small edible shrubs from the lower ground. She is as active as a boy, but much shyer, and will only creep near after a time when she sees that no harm is coming to her brothers and cousins who have made friends with the strangers straightaway. But when she does come, she will tell the names and uses of all the plants and flowers of her district far better than the boys, for that seems to be a particularly feminine specialty among the Bedouin. When the sun comes near setting she goes home, walking ahead while the goats follow close behind her. Their pattering feet make a pleasant noise on the stones, like summer rain.

They too shelter through the night in some cave, ancient or modern, dug into the hill, and if they belong to settled nomads who have crops to save, they will sometimes be fed on stalks of millet kept cool and fresh for them for months in one of these subterranean places.

III

If the women of the Hadhramaut are full of inhibitions and of fears, this

cannot be said of the children, who are among the least self-conscious and pleasantest children I know. In the harem, the small boy is tyrant and master from the very beginning of his life and this probably gives him his easy security of manner: his good manners he learns in the public tents and the guest rooms where, from a very early age, he begins to sit and listen to the conversation of his elders. I have never seen a child either hard-worked or ill-treated in this country.

The long days full of leisure in the sun must be a delight to children, and must teach them many things omitted in books; yet the Arab has a passion for education, and you will hardly meet a child who does not wish to study if he is given a possible chance to do so. This is very remarkable when one considers how much dull repetition Arabian study entails: grammar and propriety, the minute observance and correct performance of all customary acts, are what it chiefly covers, with occasional relaxation in what the Arab most enjoys—the words and poetry of his own magnificent language.

The pleasantest form of learning is, I think, not that of books, but that which springs spontaneous and alive from the lives around us; and I would like to quote the Song of the Phoenix, which must have been preserved in this remote valley by Allah knows what devious descent. It was sung to me one day by children who were helping to collect plants and flowers, and, being asked the name of a wagtail that flitted about us, began to tell of the 'Green Bird,' the friend of the Prophet, which comes in the time of the spring flood, and lives on bees. 'Oh Green Bird,' they sang:—

*Everyone who sees you rejoices
Even the children of the soldiers!
Your father slew you:
Your aunt put you in the cooking
pot;
But your sister has laid you
In the box of spices.*

The children turned to me with one voice and open hands as if to let something escape. 'And then,' they said, 'the bird came to life and flew away.'

'I like to amuse and make my scholars happy,' the charming schoolmaster of our town told me one day. 'And so I teach them the sources of words.'

Happy man, his scholars are easily kept happy, since of Arabian etymology there is no end. On their wooden slates they write the rules of grammar and the precepts of good living, and will repeat them, like small clocks set ticking, without the slightest expression but with immense satisfaction to their listeners and themselves. And they are possibly better employed in so doing than in gambling with cards, which they have learned from the West.

One good thing, however, we have brought them, and that is the game of football. You can see it being played any day by the schoolboys in Aden or by the Somalis (who often beat our men at it). And now it has crept gradually into the Hadhramaut from the coast at Makalla, and is played on the sandy strip where the camel caravans come in from Yemen beneath the mediaeval ramparts of Shibam. There they play in the long light of the afternoon, their little brown torsos naked in the sun: and the best one can wish them is that they may never learn anything worse than football from the great civilizations of the West.

A problem child is admitted into the inner sanctum of the English language; Lapland is electrified; an Englishman braves sharks to go deep-sea painting.

Miscellany

I. LET'S BE TEETOTALITARIAN

From the *Times*, London Independent Conservative Daily

THE English language is like the very best kind of club—dignified, yet comfortable; select, yet not snobbish; old-established, yet ready to admit new members. In one sense indeed it cannot help doing so; otherwise it would become sadly impoverished as the older ones died off. Dead words, it is true, unlike dead clubmen, can sometimes be revived: but they are never quite the same afterwards. They have a frail, bogus, bloodless kind of look.

The English language, however, does more than admit new members: it welcomes them—provided, of course, that they have been properly proposed and seconded and that one of the older fellows remembers their grandfather. So far, so good. But occasionally—as happens in real clubs—a member is elected who, although

apparently personable and of good family, proves to be a most regrettable addition to the circle. He looks quite inoffensive stuck up there on the noticeboard on probation, and somehow it never occurs to us to ask any questions. But, once elected, how deeply we wish that we had had the presence of mind to blackball him! For he turns out (in spite of his grandfather) to be a crashing bore and a not inconsiderable nuisance.

Such a word is 'Totalitarianism,' which one day, about ten years ago, wormed itself insidiously into the membership list when nobody was paying much attention. It is a menace to journalists; its shorthand outline looks like an octopus in a fit; and to the maker of speeches it is little short of a death-trap. However carefully he has prepared his notes beforehand,

however orderly and cogent may be his arguments against Fascism (or against Communism, for it is one of those double-edged weapons), however practiced and self-confident he may feel—if his speech contains, or is intended to contain, that fatal word, he is heading for trouble.

It may be true, or it may not, that Totalitarianism will bring about the downfall of the civilized world: but there is no doubt whatever that it is the Becher's Brook of the after-dinner speaker. To those calm, cool, level heads who speak first and dine afterwards it may not present such difficulties, although it can never be expected to run very trippingly off the tongue. But those who have solemnly assembled at 6:45 for 7, drunk Amontillado with the soup, Niersteiner with the fish, and Corton with the pheasant, topping up with port and old brandy (for we are not talking about one of those nasty cheap claret-cup affairs)—those are the peo-

ple who ought to beware of the New Member, lest he trip them up into an undignified stutter, or bring them altogether to a humiliating standstill. Nothing short of complete Teetotalitarianism can make Totalitarianism a safe subject for the post-prandial orator.

There is only one solution. The speakers on both sides of the Great Divide must come to a gentleman's agreement to refer to the interloper in all future speeches as 'Tot.' This will serve a twofold purpose: it will save time and trouble, and it will bring a touch of antiseptic ridicule to bear upon this plaguy subject. But on second thought such a course is impossible. For it is well known that nicknames and diminutives are a sure sign of popularity: and, whatever else may be said against this old-established Club, we must, thank heaven, admit that within its portals the New Member has not yet succeeded in making many friends.

II. POWER HOUSE IN THE ARCTIC

By KARL KÜHNE

Translated from the *Pariser Tageszeitung*, Paris German-Émigré Daily

TIRED after a journey of nearly 900 miles, I had slept rather later than usual. Suddenly, from the dim twilight region which lies between sleep and full wakefulness, I was aroused by the long-sustained screeching of sirens. I jumped out of bed. What could have happened? An air-raid practice here in Kiruna? In Kiruna, a hundred miles inside the Arctic Circle, 900 miles from Stockholm? Surely not.

But from the window I saw folk running through the streets toward

the valley as though they were fleeing from some danger, hands to their ears, mouths open. And then—then all at once the earth began to shake. A roaring, tearing, ear-splitting crash, filling the air, echoing and re-echoing again and again. . . . And then silence.

For a time at first my ears could not take in the ordinary sounds of hotel and city. But the people in the street had closed their mouths once more and taken their fingers from their ears. They were going about their business

as though nothing had happened. What could have been the cause of this strange and terrifying event?

Shortly afterwards I went down to the dining room for a late breakfast, and at once I asked what had been happening.

'Oh, that was an explosion in the mine, sir,' the tow-headed waitress told me. 'They do their blasting up there three times a day except on Sundays. We get the warning-signal from the sirens ten minutes beforehand.'

II

An hour later I called upon the manager of the subterranean power-station, which must surely be the only electrical generating plant in the world which is wholly built underground. An elevator took us down to the turbine-room, an immense vault 176 feet underground blasted from the solid rock, its oblong shape not unlike that of a cathedral crypt. Involuntarily the feeling came over me that I stood in the Temple of Light and Power itself, with dynamos whirling in smooth harmony and pervading the room with the pleasant warmth they generated.

A noise as of muted thunder reached my ears. It was, they told me, the torrents of water from the River Lulea and the Porgus Falls flowing into the turbines through tunnels cut in the living rock. It is to prevent these masses of water freezing in the stark Arctic winter—a danger which must at all costs be averted—that the vast labor and expense of laying out the power-station underground has been undertaken.

From the turbine-room I was taken into the switch-room, where the en-

gineer on duty gave me a graphic demonstration of the importance of his work. He indicated a small switch. 'If I was to press this button,' he said, with a mischievous little smile as though he had in the back of his mind the germ of an idea to try the drastic experiment one day, 'every single train in Lapland would stop immediately. And if I pressed this one'—indicating a neighboring button—'all the work in the mine would cease at once. And a touch on this button'—pointing to a third—'would cut off all light and heat from every house, shop, school and public building, not only in Lapland, but as far away as the town of Narvik in Norway, 300 miles from here.'

The electricity works of Kiruna constitute the very heart of Lapland. Without the light and power which the plant distributes, Lapland would still be today what it always was until very recent times—a bare stretch of the Arctic, inhabited by people wearing only crude clothing of fur, driving in reindeer sleighs and living in primitive huts. But conditions such as these are very rarely found in Lapland today; instead, most of the houses are supplied with electric light, express trains have taken the place of the sleigh, and a flourishing city lies a hundred miles within the Arctic Circle—a city which already numbers a population of 14,000.

For over two hundred years scientists have been aware that Lapland was a potential source of metal ore as rich as any on earth. But the rigors of ice and snow, the polar night and the terrible cold—all these were factors which prevented the proper working of the veins. It was not until geologists and mining engineers in very recent

times had proved that Lapland contains more than one billion tons of rock bearing the very high average ore content of 60 per cent—the world average, at the most generous computation, is only 44 per cent—that exploitation of these resources became practicable, at a time when the world market for high-grade iron-ore suddenly strengthened.

Measures were then taken to construct the necessary power-plant, and of the nine rivers which flow down from the mountains and make their way through the northern part of Sweden, the Lulea and the Porgus Falls were harnessed to the service of power supply.

The mining works are situated in the immediate neighborhood of Kiruna, the city itself lying mainly in a valley, partly on the mountain slope above. The mines are among the most extraordinary in the world, the rock-mass having shaped itself into two solid mountains of ore 2,500 feet high in the course of its millions of years of geological transformation. And now, in the process of working the mines, these

vast masses of rock are being literally torn down.

When it has been blasted out, the ore is crushed in huge mills driven by electricity and is then loaded on to 35-ton wagons at an underground railway station at a rate of twenty wagons every quarter of an hour.

From Kiruna the ore is carried north on the Swedish State Railways to the port of Narvik in Norway; for although the nearest of the Swedish ports is only ice-free for six months in the year, Narvik, lying much closer to the North Pole, is free of ice the whole year round thanks to its position on the Gulf Stream.

And so, through country where a few years ago nothing but a few lone reindeer wandered, there runs today the most northernmost and the most modernly equipped railway in the world. And if present plans mature, in less than twenty years from now, Lapland will be criss-crossed with a network of similar electric railways which will enable her enormous stores of unexploited mineral wealth to be won for human service.

III. SHARKS PERMITTING

By ROBERT GIBBINGS

From the *Listener*, Weekly Organ of the British Broadcasting Corporation

‘WHAT’S the hurry?’ asked the American consul at Tahiti as I stepped out of my canoe, and pulled it up on the shore of the lagoon.

‘Can you tell me,’ said I, a little out of breath, ‘if sharks often attack canoes?’

‘Attack canoes?’ he laughed. ‘Why, man, they never even attack swimmers; there’s never been a human be-

ing touched by a shark inside Tahiti lagoon. If you go outside the reef it’s a different thing—I’ll give no certificate as to their conduct out there.’

Now this was pleasing news. A little while previously, I had for the first time looked over the edge of a canoe, and seen thousands of gloriously colored fish swimming among marvelous growths of coral, and I had more or

less decided to devote the rest of my spare time in life to submarine study. Then, suddenly, the long gray snout of a ten-foot shark appeared close up under the canoe. I could see the hungry look in his eye as he squinted up at me, and I knew that one flip of his tail would upset that flimsy canoe. I thought to myself, maybe my vocation is on shore after all. So the words of the consul, 'they never even attack swimmers,' fell pleasantly on my ears, and I decided to keep to my earlier resolve. From then on, every day and every hour that I could spare was spent in observing and drawing the fish, the coral and the host of other strange creatures who inhabit the lagoon. On one occasion I narrowly missed sitting on an octopus; there he was, resting on a chunk of purple coral, for all the world like the coral itself.

But there was no question about it, those blessed fish were more wonderful than anything I had ever dreamt of. Many a pleasant hour I sat there in the water, which was as clear as the daylight in England, and as warm as the air in Tahiti. The only thing I wanted was some waterproof material on which to draw.

II

Unfortunately the gentlemanly habits of sharks in Tahiti are not to be found on some of the neighboring islands, and I had one narrow escape on the atoll of Tetiaroa. That is right out in the Pacific, about twenty-five miles north of Tahiti. I was, as usual, sitting on a rock submerged to the chin, and was so busy watching the small fish in front of me that I did not notice the large shark who was stalking me from behind. Luckily a native

on the shore saw what was happening and, plunging in, scared off my visitor. Of course, Dr. Beebe, the American scientist, swears that sharks don't touch humans; indeed I have heard him paint pathetic pictures of how these poor innocent creatures have been maligned. But there are sharks and sharks, and there is a husky record of attack in Australian waters. The wire nets around the bathing places at Aden, Singapore, and other eastern ports not in Australia—well, those wire nets have not been put there for tennis or water polo.

But my purpose at the moment is to describe how I made actual pencil drawings twenty feet below the surface. This first happened last summer at Bermuda where, staying at the Biological Research Station, I had the use of a diving helmet and other equipment. I had thought of taking down prepared copper plates and an etching needle, but a colleague of mine at Reading University suggested that I should try sheets of xylonite, which is stuff like white celluloid, and often used for labels on drawers and cabinets. He suggested that it would be impervious to water, and if sandpapered to a suitable texture would take lead pencil. What he said proved to be the case, and I was thus able to complete a series of what I believe are the first pencil drawings made by any artist under water.

It was a strange feeling, dropping down the ladder into this calm soundless world. Over my head I wore a helmet, into which air was pumped through a hose pipe. Hanging on the helmet was half-a-hundred-weight of lead, and because I was a bit outsize I also carried another twenty pounds of lead piping wound around my waist.

A bathing suit and a pair of rope-soled shoes completed the outfit. The deeper I sank the lighter I became, so that when at twenty feet I touched bottom, in spite of my normal eighteen stone and the extra weight I was carrying, my step was as light as any ballet dancer's.

Before going down I had pinned a sheet of the xylonite to a weighted drawing-board, and this I had let down from the launch by a long string. Attached to the drawing-board by a shorter string was a special pencil I had made for myself in which the lead was enclosed in rubber tubing instead of wood, as the wood would obviously come unstuck in the water. All this was then waiting for me at the bottom, and I had only to get hold of it and begin drawing.

The whole scheme worked perfectly. Except for a slight pressure on the ears there was no discomfort. When I stood still on the sea floor, the fish were so unafraid that they came and looked into the window of the helmet, others even nibbled at my limbs, and I often had to wave my arms to drive them away. My impression of this underwater world was as of being in a cool, quiet room lit by green glass. The intense silence reminded me of a broadcasting studio. Other divers have described their feelings of solitude when below the surface, but I felt none of that; I was alone but not lonely. The water was much too thickly populated to allow any ideas of that kind.

III

Last spring I decided to go to the Red Sea, where I was told that, foot for foot, there was as great a variety of coral as anywhere else in the world.

I found all that I had been led to hope for. Not only were there endless species of coral, but each species had apparently endless forms, and every form could be a different color. Where the edges of the reefs were most exposed to the tides and currents, there the coral grew most luxuriantly. Some were hard and brittle to the touch, others were soft and feathery like swansdown. In the crevices lived brilliant starfish, sea urchins and heaven knows what, and through the branches, and all around, swam fish, hundreds of them, emerald green, purple, blue and yellow, pure gold, scarlet or any other color one likes to think of, some of them darting here and there like humming birds in a tropical forest, others hovering like specks of dust glinting in a sunbeam.

It was all so thrilling and impressive that the importance of one's own existence faded to nil, and any slight personal danger that there might be seemed immaterial. There must, of course, always be a slight feeling of apprehension, but, compared with the talk of sharks in the local oil camp, it is negligible.

'My word, they come like lightning,' said a tough lad from Australia. 'Now if you escape the first rush. . . .' And he went on to describe how I should walk toward them, or throw my sheet of white xylonite so that they would follow it.

'They always go for anything white that flickers in the water,' he said, 'soles of the feet or china plates.' He'd saved a man's life once by chucking dinner plates into the sea, each one a little farther from the diver, and so gradually attracting the shark away till the man had time to come up.

These were stories which could be

taken with a grain of salt, but every day that I went in the launch I had only to look at the legs of the head boatman to be reminded of very real possibilities. It appears that not long ago this man had been fishing in about four feet of water when without any warning he found himself seized by both legs and carried along under water.

There was no getting away, and there were no friends near to help, so waiting till 'the first rush' was over,

he doubled up his body, seized the shark by the head and drove a finger and thumb into its nostrils. He is of opinion that the shark was unable to breathe, and therefore let him go, but zoölogists will be more inclined to believe that it was fear on the creature's part, rather than breathlessness, which caused the man's release. Be that as it may, he was lucky to escape, and the deep scars on his legs which I myself have seen testify to the truth of his story.

A SOVIET POET'S DILEMMA

By O. KOLCHEV

When Budyonny smiles,
The frozen rivers flow.
When Budyonny smiles,
The maple's new leaves grow.

When Voroshilov smiles,
Sun warms fields of grain.
When Voroshilov smiles,
Young spring comes again.

But when Stalin smiles,
No poet's words avail:
For when Stalin smiles,
Poetic phrases fail.

(Translated from Russian)

THE AMERICAN SCENE

FOR the present at least all hope for the formation of a liberal third party has vanished. The efforts of Mayor LaGuardia, shortly after the November elections, to bring together the Middle Western progressives, collapsed quickly when former Governor Murphy of Michigan announced in Washington that he preferred continuing to work through the Democratic Party. He could hardly have made any other announcement, considering everything, for the various Liberal-Left-wing parties did poorly last November. The National Progressive Party in Wisconsin expired, the American Labor Party's showing in New York was beneath expectations, and Jasper MacLevy's huge vote in Connecticut was probably more a tribute to his personality and persistence than to any clear body of principles he stood for.

The people at large voted for the New Deal pretty much all the way. Even when they elected Republicans they elected those who did not oppose the President's major legislation. If their collective thoughts can be described, it would seem that they have come to feel that Mr. Roosevelt, for all his mistakes, has done more for them in six years through the Democratic Party than all the third parties have done in fifty years. No doubt he borrowed a number of his ideas from some of these third parties—whose usefulness as propaganda agencies for new social philosophies cannot be denied—but the fact remains that he worked his reforms through the old Democratic Party, and not through any new party. In

this he followed the example of at least three illustrious predecessors, Presidents Jefferson, Jackson and Wilson. Jackson, it should be remembered, was a politician of very rare talents. The first to organize the party upon an effective working basis, he had hundreds of Jim Farleys and even Jimmy Hineses all over the country pulling in the votes and passing out the patronage to the 'deserving,' but he also used the organization to bring more democracy to the nation, to deliver a powerful blow at the Eastern banking oligarchy, and to shake the somnolent judges of the Supreme Court.

THE very reliable American Institute of Public Opinion, in a survey of sentiment in the United States regarding persecution of Jews and Catholics in Nazi Germany, found that 94 per cent disapproved and 6 per cent approved the persecutions of the Jews, while 97 per cent disapproved and 3 per cent approved the persecutions of Catholics. Not quite 100 per cent of the Catholics polled objected to the hounding of German Catholics, and of the Protestants questioned 97 per cent disapproved. American Catholics voted 93 per cent against the persecutions of Jews, and American Protestants registered the same sentiment by 95 per cent. All over the country the vote was above 95 per cent against persecution of Catholics, but in the matter of persecution of Jews there was an appreciable difference of feeling in different sections. Everywhere else the vote ranged from 93 per cent to

96 per cent in disapproval, but in New England the vote was only 90 per cent.

According to the last figure one out of every ten mature men and women in the six New England states is anti-Semitic. Why this should be so is difficult to explain. There are few Jews in Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire, and he who has lived in those states knows that the people in them have little racial feeling. If they dislike anybody, it's French Canadians and Catholics. In Maine the Ku Klux Klan was quite strong fifteen years ago. As for the three remaining states, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island, less than 6 per cent of the populations in each are Jews, while more than 35 per cent in each (47 per cent in Rhode Island and 39 per cent in Massachusetts) are Catholics. To say that a large Catholic population yields a strong anti-Semitic feeling, as these figures seem to indicate, would be wrong, for in New Mexico, Louisiana, New Jersey and Wisconsin, where the percentages of Catholics range from 40 in the first to 22 in the last, anti-Semitism is practically non-existent.

The mystery of the 10 per cent anti-Semites in New England will thus remain until more sociological data becomes available. Whatever the explanation turns out to be, the shades of the Pilgrim Fathers and of the Abolitionists must be greatly disturbed that their mighty labors of the past to scotch racial and religious intolerance have brought forth such results on their own ground.

THE Committee for Industrial Organization (C.I.O.), at its first constitutional convention at Pittsburgh,

became the Congress of Industrial Organizations, and John L. Lewis was unanimously elected first president for a term of a year, after serving as chairman of the Committee for three years. The C.I.O. now claims a membership of more than 4,000,000, while the A.F. of L., at its recent Houston, Texas, convention announced a membership of a little more than 3,500,000. Very likely the C.I.O. boast is a bit extravagant, since it includes the 250,000 members of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, which recently seceded (and still keeps out of the A.F. of L. also), and a large number of unemployed non-dues-paying members, a class which the A.F. of L. did not count in its total.

On the surface it would seem that the two opposing labor groups are now farther apart than ever before, with Messrs. Green and Lewis denouncing each other with mounting vehemence. President Roosevelt's plea to both groups that they hold open 'every possible door to access to peace' in the labor movement certainly reflects the wish of every man and woman truly concerned about social progress, and despite the present gloomy situation, the outlook for an eventual rapprochement is far from wholly black. The seceded International Ladies Garment Workers Union, one of the oldest and most successful unions in the country, has so much bargaining power that it can almost force unity upon the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O., and it can probably be more effective in this rôle, while acting as an independent organization, than as a member of either group. Mr. Dubinsky, personally and officially, has the respect of both Messrs. Green and Lewis and can talk to them as an

equal. In view of his enormous success in the past as a leader of workers, his suggestions will have to be given the most serious consideration—for fear other unions, in both the C.I.O. and the A.F. of L., might follow the example of his union and set up shop as unattached organizations.

But the man who can probably do most to bring the C.I.O. and the A.F. of L. together is President Roosevelt. His NRA, after all, was the prime force in the rapid increase of unionism during the past six years, especially the industrial unionism of the C.I.O. That industrial unionism of some sort has come to stay Mr. Green and several of his lieutenants admit. The resolutions adopted at the recent A.F. of L. and C.I.O. conventions do not differ as much as the mutual denunciations of the two leaders incline some to think. Besides, the rank and file in both camps are getting weary of a dual unionism that saps the whole labor movement of the strength it will need to combat the announced intentions of the conservatives to wipe the slate clear of nearly every advance made under the New Deal. They are bound to fail, as was tacitly admitted by the Republicans by the meaningful silences during the last national election campaign, but a united labor movement can make that failure come about more quickly and more peacefully.

THE Townsend movement, in one form or another, still plays an important rôle in the politics of the nation. In the Northwest, especially in Oregon, \$200-a-month pension plan clubs continue to flourish, even to multiply, and the indications are that for the next two years at least an endorse-

ment by Dr. Townsend will mean a great deal to politicians in that state, whether they be Republicans or Democrats. Similar situations hold true in Maine, Texas, California and Massachusetts. In the last Commonwealth the staunch, conservative, 'sane' Republican Party, led by the staunch, conservative, 'sane' Henry Cabot Lodge, grandson of an even 'saner' grandfather, has come out in favor of a flat \$60-a-month old-age pension throughout the nation. Altogether, it seems likely that the Townsend plan will be a matter of considerable debate in the new Congress. In all probability nothing will come of it, but its corollary effects may be enormous. The mounting popular interest in old-age and sickness insurance will probably contribute greatly to the emendation of the Social Security Act, broadening it and perhaps increasing its benefits. It has often happened in history that fantastic social schemes have given birth to useful, progressive legislation.

PRESIDENT Roosevelt and the Emergency Fact-Finding Board, by persuading the railroads to abandon their demand for a 15 per cent wage cut pending further investigation, have brought before the public a truly critical situation in one of the chief industries of the nation. The Transportation Act of 1920—rightly or wrongly—virtually guaranteed to the roads a return of 6 per cent. Very few systems have earned it, and a large number have gone into bankruptcy. A good deal of the carriers' difficulties is due to their own mismanagement, watering of stock and general inefficiency, but some is also due to causes beyond their control. Buses have cut

so heavily into their local passenger traffic that few of them show a profit on it, while airplane travel has eaten into their long-distance traffic. At the moment their major revenue comes from freight traffic, though that too is being rapidly cut by long-distance trucks.

A \$25,000,000,000 industry, the roads are sinking deeper and deeper into insolvency. Unification in several sections of the country, as some authorities have suggested, would undoubtedly ameliorate the general condition, for certainly there are too many parallel lines. But that would not solve the basic difficulty, namely, that motor and air travel has made a large percentage of railroad mileage and equipment unnecessary. Very likely the ultimate solution for the whole railroad problem will be public ownership, as recommended by many transportation experts. Meanwhile, as all impartial students agree, there need be no excessive moral concern regarding the carriers. Their known pilfering of public lands and funds sixty and seventy years ago will hardly give them an advantage in bargaining with the government should it ever decide to buy them out. As matters stand even today, they are heavily in debt to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation.

THE general economic outlook for the country during the year 1939, as indicated by the pronouncements of government officials, labor leaders and business spokesmen during the last

weeks of 1938, seems to be as confused as during the past four years. The number of unemployed will probably continue to be in the neighborhood of 11,000,000, and the prospects of its decreasing are so gloomy that the state and federal relief agencies have made ready to care for just as many.

The employment situation conflicts sharply with the prophecies of American bankers and industrialists, nearly all of whom, with reason, look to a new high in profits. Since June 1 the value of security prices has risen by some \$15,000,000,000, building has increased by some 10 per cent ahead of last year, carloadings, steel operations and textile activity continue to mount, and the huge credit reserves of our banking systems will probably be opened wider than ever. The vast armament programs of all nations, including the United States, have brought new hope to relevant basic industries. The year 1939 will thus duplicate, it would seem, the last six months of 1938—an enormous increase in profits with little overflow to the people at large. This lag, as even President Roosevelt has said, may be due to a natural tardiness in employment meeting up with business activity, but it offers little comfort to the 11,000,000 unemployed. Perhaps that is what Administrator Harry Hopkins had in mind when he suggested recently that the PWA could easily take care of many millions for almost twenty years to come.

—C. A.

LETTERS AND THE ARTS

MUSES ON THE AIR

By HERBERT READ

From *New Verse*, London

THE art of poetry is in danger of extinction. It can only be saved in one way, namely by use of the radio.

The art itself is healthy enough. I believe that there are more good poets alive today than at any time since the seventeenth century. The poets are alive, but their public is dead. To be more exact, the public is being deprived of its poetic sustenance, and has now accustomed itself to various substitutes. Poetry, in short, is the victim of an economic process which has much wider aspects, but none of such eventual importance. The trend toward standardization and mass production has finally invaded the province of the arts—of all the arts—and, in particular, the publishing of books has now become an affair of costing and accounting.

Even so poetry might still survive but for the operation of a law well known to any economist—I am referring to Gresham's Law. Bad money drives out good; the worst form of currency in circulation regulates the value of the whole currency. Perhaps it is dangerous to use such an analogy in talking of poetry; but it is a simple fact which anyone who is connected with publishing can vouch for that what we call popular literature is quickly driving out of circulation anything in the nature of poetry or *belles lettres*.

In a process of mass production, poetry cannot compete. Poetry is limited in quantity at any given time; it is a still small voice, which might be enlarged by the microphone, but by no means made into a chorus. You may fix your standard high and say there are ten good living poets; you may fix it relatively low and say there are a hundred; but even this

larger body can only produce some twenty volumes of verse a year. How can these twenty compete with the hundreds and thousands of volumes of fiction, biography, travel and politics from which the publisher derives his main profits? How can they compete on the overcrowded book-stall or in the library? They are buried under this pulpy avalanche, and only the most desperate enthusiast will venture to snatch a volume from oblivion.

Poetry, at any rate under the present economic dispensation, is dead letters. Poetry is ceasing to be printed; poetry is no longer read. Nothing can bring it back into circulation. But poetry was not always dependent on the printing-machine and the publisher. Poetry was originally, and still is organically, the spoken word. And what it has been it can be again. This is where the radio comes in. It is in the power of the radio to revive poetry as a spoken art. It will be a slow and difficult process, and I would venture to say that nothing that has hitherto been done by the British Broadcasting Corporation has even made a beginning. For we must begin with a process of disintoxication; we must get the ink out of the body poetic. We must forget that poetry was ever printed. Poets must return to the babbling stage, and from that stage slowly evolve a speaking technique. There must be many experiments, not only in the composition of poems, but also in the speaking of poems. The same poem must be spoken many times, by different voices and in different contexts. We must get rid of the idea that poetry can be read, or announced, or even recited. Poetry must be composed by the voice; its music, which is the most subtle music known to human sensibility, must be learned with infinite patience and practice. It must be treated as a new art—an art to be discovered by vast circles of dumb listeners.

Call it a bardic vision, call it what you will—I am convinced that this side of a complete social revolution it is the only possible chance of saving poetry. Perhaps I should say of saving the poets, because they have the alternative of continuing to write poetry for their intimate amusement. But this underground life which our poets live is not healthy; one by one they will fall silent and there will only be the monuments of a past age to show that such an art ever existed.

REBIRTH OF THE OPERA

By ERNST KRENEK

From the *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post*, London

IT HAS to be acknowledged that, since Richard Strauss in Germany, Puccini in Italy and Debussy in France, hardly anything of the newer operatic output has succeeded in establishing itself in the permanent repertory of the opera houses of those countries. To attribute this state of things simply to a deterioration in the art of opera composition would be easy, but unjust. The true reasons are to be found in changes in the nature of operatic forms and in the constitution and attitude of the public.

Opera houses have never been self-supporting except when singularly lucky circumstances prevailed for a time, or when some hard-headed impresario has not recoiled from exploiting his artists and reducing the level of the performances for the sake of gain. For long it was a privilege of kings and princes to augment the brilliancy of their courts by sponsoring opera companies. The middle classes, growing rich and powerful during the 19th century, continued this tradition, and the network of highly organized civic opera houses in Central Europe remains evidence of that state of things.

But in our days the theater draws its public from a broader area, and audiences make different demands upon the spec-

tacle. Disinclined to face problems, they merely ask for entertainment and for confirmation of their attitude of mind, and meanwhile the civic administration is more and more tempted to adopt a commercial point of view, so that opera houses must play continuously in order to cover the high expenses of the staff of singers and musicians. The result is dependence upon a stock of regularly repeated works—what we call the repertory. This was unknown in the earlier ages of opera. In the 18th century it was unusual for an opera of the past to be revived. The aristocratic audience wished always to hear new works.

Many reasons might be adduced to explain why the process of renewing and augmenting the repertory became slower and slower and has today absolutely stopped. Enough to mention the aggravation of economic crises and a certain decline of spiritual energy in the middle classes. These two factors have in some countries led to the subordination of spiritual life to this or that political doctrine, making for stagnation and the repression of free and living artistic production.

As in the earlier periods of operatic production, a new work is given only a few times—but is now withdrawn, not to make room for yet another novelty, but for the sake of a quick return to the cheaper and safer routine of the accustomed repertory. How much longer the Continental opera houses will be able to exist in such conditions is a question. It is certainly impossible not to feel doubts about the vitality of an organism that thus sets its face against the assimilation of fresh substance.

As for the creative mind, there is little attraction in working for such institutions. Contemporary composers of opera are, in fact, less and less tempted by the idea of contributing to the repertory, since this is becoming impossible without the renunciation of a great deal of the artistic resources which seem to them indispensable.

I foresee two possibilities which, in spite of the exactions of the use of a progressive and elaborate musical language, could be adequately and practically worked out. I foresee, in the first place, a kind of chamber opera intended for performance by touring ensembles of a few singers and instrumentalists, simple so far as the stage settings go, but not primitive at all as regards musical style. Here the compensation for long and careful preparation would be afforded by the opportunity of many performances in different places. This kind of opera would have better chances in countries without operatic traditions, where the public is not predisposed to associate the idea of opera with a glamorous and expensive spectacle.

Another idea is opera of a wholly extraordinary character, involving a huge apparatus of soloists, choir and orchestra, deliberately exceeding the resources of the repertory stage and designed for performance on special festival-like occasions. There have been works written in the last fifteen years or so which show clearly the desire of composers to increase the dignity and seriousness of opera and to expand the frame established by the tradition of repertory opera.

This new operatic style has not yet found its appropriate scene. Indeed, since political events have militated against the artistic interests of the best-equipped theaters of Central Europe, contemporary opera production is practically homeless. I believe that England today affords conditions exceptionally favorable for an asylum for this kind of art. True, this country can boast but very meager operatic traditions, but that is not necessarily a drawback.

The very fact that a variety of circumstances militated in England in the past against the acclimatization of opera on Continental lines may even be an advantage when it comes to introducing into opera new elements of seriousness and general importance; while the technical resources available here today are excel-

lent in quantity and quality. The London festival of the International Society for Contemporary Music last summer furnished abundant proof that England counts among the countries best equipped musically. And the impression remained after the festival week that there is no need to fear here a lack of public interest in modern works. It does not seem an impossibility to build up a scene for modern operas where the most significant of contemporary works would be performed in a festival of international character annually or every other year. Such an enterprise naturally would not at once be satisfactory from a commercial point of view, but after a time even financial success might not be an impossibility.

THE SOVIET INTELLECTUAL

RECENTLY, the Communist Party in Russia felt the need of bringing Marxism up to date, of correcting any little disparities which, as they say, have existed between Leninism and Marxism, and as other people say, between Leninism and Stalinism. One of the most important emendations was in regard to the status of the intellectual, a word that in the past had always been unequivocally preceded by the adjective 'rotting.' The resolution by the Central Committee, on the basis of the official publication of the *Short Course of History of the Bolshevik Party*, condemned 'as a piece of hooliganism any trace of a contemptuous attitude toward the Soviet intellectual.' Since there is a constant need of the agitator corps to teach the emended Marxism to the masses, there is also the necessity of teaching the masses to respect these preceptors. Accordingly, the tendency to exalt manual or mechanical labor at the expense of mental activity is now doomed by decree. An article in *Izvestia* by I. Luppel throws an interesting light on the current conception of the intellectual as compared with that of the pre-Revolutionary era:—

'The Soviet intelligentsia is no longer characterized by the specific traits that characterized the old pre-Revolutionary intelligentsia and which justly provoked censure and even irony. The old intellectual was always an individualist. No matter how well and how much he spoke about the masses, he always set himself apart as an "individual capable of critical thought." That attitude resulted in the fact that with the best intentions in the world, the intellectual stayed aloof from the common people.

'The Soviet intellectual is least of all an individualist. Part and parcel of the working masses, he is organically bound with them. Yesterday an engineer, or a member of the Kolkhoz Communist Youth Organization, today he may be a young scientist or writer. But he always finds strength in the collective society around him; there he finds inspiration and subject-matter for his work. As Stalin put it, he remains an Antæus, strong by his connection with the soil whence he springs.

'The old intellectual was addicted to inactive analysis. He always was somehow cleft in twain, as if two men lived in his soul; and if one of them did try to do something, the other paralyzed the activity by deadening analysis and doubt.

'The Soviet intellectual does not suffer from this curse. Unity of thought and action—that is his characteristic trait. The old intelligentsia remained in the realm of beautiful dreams. The purposeful activity of the representatives of the new Soviet intelligentsia helped them to realize the dreams in glorious achievements. A critic and a skeptic at heart, the pre-Revolutionary prototype could see only the negative aspects of the world around him. He had no positive convictions and was afraid of a positive program of action. Not so the Soviet intellectual, who is inspired by the Communist ideal, be he in the Party or not; he knows where he is going, for he follows the road indicated by Communism. And he is not afraid to expose his faults to criticism.

'We cannot say that the old intellectual lacked a feeling for humanity, but that feeling often remained inactive, impotent against the capitalist oppression. But the Soviet intellectual, strong in his position as a citizen of the Soviet Russia, constantly is able to serve society, people and Socialism.

'Twenty years after the October Revolution there have been created new cadres of a Soviet intelligentsia—engineers, doctors, teachers, writers, scientists and artists. They serve Socialism well. In their ranks one sees the gray heads of old-time intellectuals who have embraced Socialism. No country can exist without its intellectual class. We, too, have our own, fostered by the Bolshevik Party and great Stalin.'

DOCUMENT WORSHIP

By JOSEPH ROTH

Translated from the *Neues Tage-Buch*, Paris

NEVER has the factual ignorance of writers been greater nor their emphasis on documentary authenticity more pronounced than today. Never have the quantity, the purposelessness and the hollowness of publications been more apparent, nor the credulity greater with which even a mere statement of purpose is received. Never have posters been more suggestive and lying. A frightful confusion has arisen: one can no longer distinguish between the shadows thrown by objects, and the objects themselves. Mere assertion is trusted. A photograph is no longer compared with its original. One simply places one's faith in the caption underneath.

Never has writing been so poor as today. Nor was the opinion ever so common that writing was constantly improving. Writing today is not good—it is merely simplified. It is regarded as 'direct,' though never was there so much lying than at present. But every other lie bears the description: 'photograph' and all

doubts are stilled. The mere word 'document' overawes, as was once the case when the word 'poetry' was spoken. Someone claims to have been present at a given event. He is immediately believed. It is no longer realized that the difference between the reality of a 'naked fact' and its description is as great as that between a thing and its shadow, or between a sound and its echo. Let us note, therefore, that the report must always be weaker than the event. The 'eye-witness' story of the 'innocent bystander' furnishes no explanation concerning the event itself, but only about the witness himself, his presence, his impressions, his observations, his relationship to the event. Even a number of eye-witness stories, when added up, do not result in a true picture of the event, but merely in a sum of individual reports. The reason is not merely that these eye-witnesses are only 'subjective.' It is the 'accidental aspect' of their presence that causes their unreliability. This makes them completely impersonal.

The reporter, on the other hand, is not present by chance, nor is he impersonal. He too is subjective. But he is responsible for his subjectivity. It is not accidental. The picture of the event which he paints conveys his conception of the event—and not his conception of himself. The eye-witness is constantly visible throughout his report. The reporter completely disappears behind it. The eye-witness may have

precise knowledge of a detail which remains unknown to the reporter. Yet the reporter's story will be the more truthful.

Facts and details make up the entire contents of the eye-witness story. Yet they are only the reporter's raw material. An event can only be reproduced in consciously formed, creative expression, which springs from this raw material, as iron comes out of its ore; as a mirror is backed by mercury.

A reader who has himself witnessed a railway wreck will find any eye-witness story describing the wreck extremely deficient—indeed, he may even find it at variance with the facts. Only a creative report of the wreck can appear to the reader as a 'genuine' reproduction of the catastrophe he has gone through. Such 'creative reporting' reaches a stage when detail is no longer necessary to make it valid. The eye-witness story was authentic. But it would not even gain ordinary credit from the reader, since the reader himself was a witness of the event. Thus the reader can recognize the immediate reality of his own impressions only in a 'creatively' formed report, not in the formless simplicity of a 'documentary' report. This latter, seeming to testify to life itself, is far removed not only from the 'inner' or 'higher truth,' but also from the force of reality.

The creative work alone is *true to life*.

AS OTHERS SEE US

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN TRADE PACT

ON THE evening of November 16, 1938, the long expected Anglo-American Trade Agreement was finally signed. We reprint a commentary taken from the London *Economist*, in regard to the significance of the Agreement:—

The reception of the Trade Agreement concluded between the United Kingdom and the United States has been uniformly favorable on both sides of the Atlantic. If any particular industries consider themselves badly used, their complaints have been lost in the chorus of approval. In part, this unanimity of praise is due to the mere fact that two such important trading countries have been able to reach agreement in such a complex matter. In the main, however, it is the reflection of genuine surprise at the wide extent of the concessions that have been made on either side. An even more comprehensive agreement could, it is true, be imagined. But it is very much easier to imagine the tame acceptance of a job-lot of unimportant alterations. This is, in fact, all that was widely expected when the negotiations began, and the pleasure is all the greater to discover that substantial concessions have been made to almost all the important items of trade passing between the two countries.

Close analysis of the details of the Agreement undoubtedly enhances its stature as a purely commercial bargain. But that is not the only standard by which it must be judged. There has been a very notable tendency for American commentators to lay far greater stress on its immediate political significance than has been done in Great Britain. That is all to the good; and in American minds the

Trade Agreements Act has always been regarded as one of the chief weapons of American foreign policy. That Great Britain has fallen in with American ideas of how world appeasement can be most profitably advanced—and has done so, what is more, not in the grudging mood of one who makes economic concessions for political ends, but in a genuine spirit of give-and-take for hard-headed business reasons—cannot fail to carry further the growth of Anglo-American friendship.

The immediate effect of the Agreement is not to be measured in terms of a diplomatic reinforcement, still less of a strengthening of the military or economic defenses, of either of the signatories. But its long-term effects in the purely political field can be negatively assessed by imagining the derisive joy in certain European capitals and the profound depression in others that would have been produced by a failure of the negotiations. To have brought to birth not merely an agreement, but such a good agreement, is a decisive act of economic statesmanship.

HOLIDAY IN AMERICA

From the *Times*, London

THE great point about taking a holiday in America is that it is primarily and all the time an adventure, a gay adventure, demanding still something of the heroic spirit.

Somewhere in mid-Atlantic, about a thousand miles from home, I suffer a sea-change. I slough a skin. I cast my insularity. I find myself laughing as the Americans laugh, youthfully, whole-heartedly, unselfconsciously.

This sea-change overtakes every transatlantic traveler. Age has nothing to do with it. The old become young and the youthful become twice as vital. We all

become denationalized and more tolerant. This is, after all, only natural. We are on our way to a young country, a country that is still finding herself, a country that is still as completely natural and outspoken and instinctively friendly as a child.

I am an indifferent linguist. I find myself in all European countries extraordinarily at a disadvantage in never being able to make myself understood and never being able to make out what all the people round me are saying and doing. It is an overwhelming relief to find myself in a vast continent where everyone speaks my home tongue.

This universal speaking of English does, however, lead many visitors into the delusion that the citizens of the United States are all cousins germane with ourselves. That this is very far from being the case may be proved by standing for five minutes at the corner of Broadway and Forty-second Street and scrutinizing carefully the cast of features of the passers-by. They will all be citizens of the United States and all talk English, but you can tell at a glance that their origins are Slav, Chinese, Scandinavian, Latin and African just as much as English. Indeed, all the races of the world, except the Red Indian who once owned it, may be seen living in New York City.

And this of course adds immeasurably to the enchantment of the adventure. The United States is a foreign country full of strange beauties, but always understandable because of the common language. We travel mainly to get the maximum of change and the maximum of scenic beauty.

One of the overwhelming advantages of crossing the Atlantic is that once you land on the other side you have within easy reach, and without crossing any more sea, a choice of scenery that ranges from the tropical to the arctic. I never thought that

I should wander in my first jungle in the States.

It is little wonder that Hollywood became the best place in the world as a background for scenic films, for the necessity of taking your stars to the deserts and the mountains vanishes when the deserts and the mountains themselves come to you. It is as difficult to do justice to the amazing variety of American scenery as it is to do justice to the variety of American food. Every traveler who has once seen them comes home convinced that the world has nothing fairer or more inspiring to show than the great heights of the Canadian Rockies and the vast depths of the Grand Canyon. Moreover, they are easily accessible. Deserts can be crossed by bus and you can watch the last round-up from an airplane.

The good looks of the average young American girl may be due partly to her tremendous vitality and partly to her instinctive flair for wearing becoming clothes. Whatever the reason the result is very happy. Nor will you long be able to withstand the friendly smiles of the American young man, who moves, like his sister, with an agility and a grace that remind us of our own advanced age. Besides, there do not seem to be any old people in America. The electricity in the air keeps them all buoyant and bouncing about till they are well over ninety.

America is the land of extremes. Millionaires live cheek by jowl with paupers, and the finest streets in the world are only one turning from some of the meanest. The whole point about a visit to America, whether it be to Canada or to the United States, is that you feel that you are among a nation in the making. Here is nothing effete or decadent. Here is youth pioneering, waking up to the infinite possibilities that still lie latent in his lovely land and his own aesthetic creative faculties.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Statesman's Guide

Treaties are made to be kept by the weaker nations.

The efforts of statesmen have succeeded in completely maintaining collective insecurity.

In the interests of peace, energetic measures against the victims of aggression must be taken.

Localizing a conflict: leaving the victim to his fate.

Liquidating a conflict: amputating his legs in addition.

No sacrifice made by others is too much for the cause of peace.

There are many who like to warm their soup over a conflagration.

The Czechs have not been sold out—just given away for nothing.

—Karel Capek

Slightly Used

The fact that second-hand copies of Germany's best-seller, *Mein Kampf*, are sometimes offered for sale by second-hand booksellers is deprecated by the President of the Reich Chamber of Literature in a statement in which he says:—

'Such offers are from a commercial standpoint fundamentally in order. On the other hand, every National-Socialist-thinking German is painfully affected by seeing the work of our Führer described in our time as "second-hand." It would be gratifying if this notice were sufficient to induce every bookseller to remove the copies offered as second-hand from his shelves. No antiquarian bookseller should be politically so antiquated as to be unable to assent cordially to this suggestion.'

—*Times*, London

Unbreakable?

PRACTICAL CHRISTMAS GIFTS: Chamberlain Peace china.

—Advertisement in *Manchester Guardian*

Reassuring

The first bomb with which the clothing was tested gave out such intense heat that the man

making the experiment was unable to reach it by yards.

The second bomb, this time approached by someone more suitably dressed, but armed with the officially recommended shovel, went straight through the shovel when an attempt was made to lift it.

The firm then wrote to the Government pointing out the poor results obtained from the recommended equipment. The reply was that the firm must have been using the wrong type of incendiary bomb.

—Letter in *Hornsey Journal*, London

The Songs of the Sirens

It is reported that the Japanese troops play songs on phonographs, and, when the Chinese soldiers hear them, they abandon all caution, and, rushing toward the music, are mown down by Japanese machine guns.

—*North China Herald*, Shanghai

The Kissable Nordics

The Nordic mouth is superior to any other kind. Inasmuch as red is an attractive color in itself, the clear redness of the Nordic mouth exudes a great power of attraction, and awakens a desire for conquest and for kisses. As a matter of fact the Nordic mouth simply calls for a kiss. The non-Nordic mouth, on the other hand, with its thick open lips manifests sexual desire, and, accompanied by a wild, evil and sarcastic look, makes one think only of lubricious orgies.

—From *New Bases for Racial Research*

by Hermann Gauch, a German Professor.

The Aryan Way

Unscrupulous competitors, unable to cripple successful development of Scappino Necktie Manufacturing Company, insinuate that the owner of Scappino Necktie Manufacturing Company is a Jew or is financed by Jews.

I hereby offer 100,000 lire to whoever may succeed in proving that the undersigned is of Jewish race or financed in any manner or amount by Jews.

(Signed by) Domenico Scappino

—Advertisement in the *Omnibus*, Rome

All Together Now!

It is moral rearmament we want. Let us pack solidly behind Mr. Chamberlain and push.

—*Daily Telegraph*, London

Catch as Catch Can

When one feels that the time has come that the goddess of history descends to earth and the hem of her cloak touches mankind, then the responsible men must have the courage to grasp the hem of the cloak and not let it go.

—Dr. Goebbels

The Turkey Trot

The adopted daughter of the late Kemal Ataturk was invited at a state ball to dance with a young American attaché and had obviously enjoyed it. When the American asked her to dance with him again, Kemal walked up and pushed her away, saying 'I have freed you women, but not for the infidels.'

—*New Statesman and Nation*, London

Story from Palestine

A man passed the village of Umm el Fahm. His burial took place at three in the afternoon.

—Ben Gavriel in *Pester Lloyd*, Budapest

Good King John

The popular account of King John's financial dealings with Jewry is that he imprisoned wealthy Hebrews and had their teeth extracted in instalments until they yielded to his extortions. In all this, however, there are extenuations for King John. The Government had to be maintained out of the royal patrimony. There was then no comprehensive and well-ordered system of rates and taxes. Nor did he deprive them of the means of livelihood or cause them to be 'beaten up.' His tooth-drawing was not sadistic, but a practical and comparatively mild way of exercising financial pressure. There was nothing malicious or destructive in it.

—*Church Times*, London

From the Skies

The Spanish war is developing interesting new phases. Recently Nationalist bombers dropped full loads of bread and cigarettes into the streets of Valencia, an exploit designed to draw attention to the fact that while Republican sections of Spain may be short of food and 'smokes' there is enough and to spare in Nationalist territory. But the Republicans have

retaliated. Down from the skies over Burgos, to prove that while Nationalist Spain may be short of textiles, Republican Spain has plenty, there were showered silk stockings and undies. It must have been a brave sight, certainly prettier by far than a load of bombs.

—*Japan Weekly Chronicle*, Kobe

The Morning After

The night before the Japanese landed on Bias Bay the new Chinese commander of the area gave a banquet to his staff. And on the morning after, the Chinese officers suffered from a hangover. Hence the ease with which the Japanese, who had heard of the banquet, made the landing. This report was put out by the Japanese.

—British United Press

Proletarian Simplicity

The huge 16-foot model of the Palace of Soviets, now under construction in Moscow, which is to be exhibited in the Soviet pavilion at the forthcoming international exhibition in New York, was discussed recently at a conference in the offices of the Russian Precious Stones Trust in Leningrad.

The metal framework of the model is to be faced with Ural jasper, Beloretsk quartz, emeralds, rubies, golden topaz and other precious stones. Topping the model will be a figure of Lenin in stainless steel. One of the sides of the model will be open.

A 600-foot mosaic panel depicting the Stalinist Constitution is also being constructed for the exhibition. The text of the principal articles of the Constitution will be inscribed in precious stones on a mosaic background made from Ural stones. Other compositions in preparation by the trust are a large emblem of the Soviet Union and eleven emblems of the Union republics from topaz, rubies, sapphires and emeralds, as well as a bas-relief of Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin.

—*Moscow News*, Paris

Too Much to Bear

The following report by a Moscow policeman is supposed to have amused all of Moscow and even Stalin himself: 'In the River Yauza today the corpse of an unidentified man was found. There were no signs of violence on his body, except two Government bonds for the 1938 Five-Year Plan Loan.'

—*Posledniya Novosti*, Paris

BOOKS ABROAD

DEATH BEFORE FULFILLMENT

A CHILD OF OUR TIME. By Ödön von Horvath. London: Methuen. 1938.

(Stefan Zweig in the *Sunday Times*, London)

GERMAN literature in the last decade has had few new names of promising young writers to show, and this fact is not really a cause for wonder. For this unhappy generation, who were at school in the war years and at college during the inflationary period, were not granted the same degree of inner repose for self-development as earlier generations.

Having been thrust prematurely into the struggle, bewildered by constantly fluctuating economic conditions in Germany and poisoned by politics and propaganda, only very few of these young writers were strong enough to go their own intellectual way resolutely. One among this very small number was Ödön von Horvath.

Even his first attempts in the field of drama struck an individual note, and there was something in his human sincerity and his genuine belief in a better and more idealistic world which commended him to his older and more disillusioned contemporaries. We watched his development with pleasure.

His head was not turned by the success of his early plays, which were produced in Berlin by Max Reinhardt. Then he turned his attention to a gallery of single portraits, in which all aspects of our time should be delineated. Two of these single portraits had been completed when the incomprehensible happened. At the age of thirty-six, healthy, full of vitality and bursting with plans, Horvath left Austria on the day Hitler entered it, for no other reason than moral ones—he was neither politically branded nor was he a Jew—and moved to Paris in order to continue his work in an atmosphere of

freedom. But a terrible fate awaited him. As he was strolling along his beloved boulevards on a stormy spring day, a tree was suddenly hurled down by a gust of wind. It killed him instantly—and with him one of the great hopes of contemporary German literature.

Horvath's first two essays in prose have now been published in one volume in English. One hesitates to describe them as novels. They are monologues by two people, who expound their own lives and their age—the hard, pitiless post-War era. In one the speaker is a teacher, in the other a soldier.

Both contemplate their times with staring and horrified eyes: the teacher has been a witness of the murder of one of his boys by another; the soldier has passed beyond the stage of enthusiastic adherence to the new nationalism and its glorification of violence. Both feel that they share the general guilt, and accuse themselves of being no better 'children of our time' than those they condemn.

Horvath makes them talk in hard, cold, bare and apparently unpolished sentences. But those who possess a sensitive ear will understand that he has chosen this style in order to mask the compassion in his soul. One is constantly aware that these two men, spokesmen for Horvath himself, are profoundly convinced that this mechanization of the soul, this regimentation of mankind, is an error which must be overcome; for Horvath believed honestly and with almost religious fervor that man would one day again evince his former loving-kindness and humanity.

But there was in him, as 'a child of our time' himself, a fear of being smiled at as an idealist. Rather would he toughen himself and write as it were with an axe than give vent to the lyrical exultation which dwelt in the secret places of his

heart. Thus it might easily happen that the reader will regard his book as something violent and hostile, and it may well have been his intention to thaw this superficial crust of ice in his next works. However, fate gave him no time, and he died before he could stamp his work with the full weight of his personality. As it is, something of his mind has been saved, and those who in later days endeavor to understand the psychological atmosphere of the tragic post-War period in Germany will perhaps find it better preserved in these abrupt confessions of a poet than in masses of elaborate and tendentious documents.

[This book will be published in the United States by the Dial Press.]

PORTRAIT OF A SPELL-BINDER

THE TRAGEDY OF RAMSAY MACDONALD.

By Mr. L. MacNeill Weir. London: Secker and Warburg. 1938.

(Hugh Dalton, M.P., in the *Daily Herald*, London)

ALREADY Ramsay MacDonald, though he died little more than a year ago, seems to belong to a vanished age. Yet in his day he had great responsibilities. We shall not see the complete picture till the archives and the diaries have given up many more of their secrets. But this book tells us something new and throws fresh light on MacDonald's very peculiar psychology.

Weir was MacDonald's Parliamentary Private Secretary during eight eventful years, from 1924 to 1931. He continuously saw him at close range, first as a friend and admirer, but in the end completely disillusioned. He says many hard things about MacDonald's self-love and self-pity, his lack of straightforwardness, his distrust of others and his ingratitude to friends.

It is not a pleasing portrait which he draws, but each who knew MacDonald must judge for himself how far it is true to life. MacDonald rendered great services

to the Labour Party in the early years, but increasingly great disservices toward the end. In the early days 'he stood out at once,' says Mr. Weir, 'as a distinctive personality. He was young, attractive, capable, enthusiastic, and industrious; but, above and before all, he had the gift of eloquence.'

But always 'his Socialism is that far-off Never-Never-Land, born of vague aspirations and described by him in picturesque generalities. It is as real and remote as the garden of the Hesperides.'

He had no grip on economic or financial questions. That was his gravest intellectual weakness. In this field he always dodged detail, hated argument, and fell back on rhetoric and metaphor. And, with the passage of time, he lost the true Socialist's desire to destroy inequality and he became merely irritated with the unemployed. Why were they still standing there, arguing about their dole?

There are lengthy quotations in this book from some of his most famous speeches. Re-reading them now, one has a sense almost of physical discomfort. But how his audiences loved them! It is a terrifying memory.

It is instructive, too, to re-read some of his ambiguous utterances from 1914 to 1918. It is difficult to know just where he stood during the war. Certainly he was not a pacifist, in any simple and straightforward sense, as many, both of his friends and of his enemies, imagined. The letter he sent to the recruiting meeting at Leicester in September, 1914, is a masterpiece of obscurity.

Mr. MacNeill Weir brings together some interesting evidence—already familiar to some of us—of MacDonald's inclinations toward 'National' Government. He was invited, and was eager, to enter such a Government under Asquith in 1910. That plan miscarried because the Tory leaders would not join. And, even if they had been willing, Henderson and his other Parliamentary colleagues were not. He had to wait for twenty-one years. But he got his

'National' Government and got rid of his unwelcome colleagues at last.

It is abundantly clear that the 'National' Government of 1931 was planned at least six months before the financial crisis of August. For a brief spell, after the election of that year, he sat on a high pinnacle of glory, acclaimed by Tories and Liberals, and by their press, and by high society, as the savior of his country and the leader of his people. But the descent was swift and humiliating. He lost prestige and influence rapidly, and it was soon clear that his mental powers were in decay.

This was most clearly evident in his mishandling of foreign affairs. From his failure to seize the wonderful opportunities presented by the Disarmament Conference, through his failure to prepare or organize the World Economic Conference, up to his failure even to mention Ethiopia to Signor Mussolini at Stresa in May, 1935, he went steadily downhill. Then, at last, reluctantly, he was shifted from the Premiership.

His final chapter was pathetic. I remember vividly the last speech he made from the Treasury Bench, soon after the 1935 election, when he had found his way back to the House by way of a University constituency. He was replying for the Government to a vote of censure which we had moved for its neglect of the distressed areas, rambling and ranting, making no headway and stating no policy, till a voice rang out from the Labour Benches, 'Sit down, man, sit down! You're a ghastly tragedy.'

After a few more stumbling sentences, he obeyed. They never let him speak for the Government again.

He inflicted a deep wound on the Labour Party in 1931. So deep was the measure of the unhealthy degree of personal ascendancy which he had acquired. We are a much healthier Party now.

And we have learned, from watching MacDonald, the lesson that loose phrasemongering is not enough. We have been getting down to details, working out con-

crete schemes of economic and social transformation, using men and women with special knowledge of particular problems, submitting carefully prepared plans to successive Annual Conferences, for only from a union of courage and knowledge can our dreams of a new social order come to birth.

A WRONGFUL INDICTMENT

HITLER'S MAGICIAN: SCHACHT. *By Norbert Mühlen. London: Routledge. 1938.*

(Paul Einzig in the *Spectator*, London)

A BIOGRAPHY of Dr. Schacht in the English language was long overdue, for the remarkable personality of the German banker-statesman has aroused keen interest in this country and in the United States. The English translation of Herr Norbert Mühlen's book fills this gap to a considerable extent. It contains a wealth of detail about Dr. Schacht's early history hitherto unknown even to the well-informed English reader. Even though the more recent stages of his career have been followed with interest by many people, human memory is short and the accumulation within the covers of a book of all the material concerning his policies and activities between 1923 and 1938 was an enterprise well worth undertaking.

It goes without saying that the chapters dealing with Dr. Schacht's activities since the advent of the National Socialist régime in Germany are by far the most interesting. The rôle which he played in the development of the peculiar German currency system and foreign trading system is described in great detail, and with much expert knowledge. Even those who have made a special study of these systems have something to learn from the author's account of German economic penetration into Southeastern Europe, and about the intricacies of various types of blocked marks. His description of Dr. Schacht's highly unscrupulous juggling with clearing agreements with Danubian and Balkan countries assumes topical interest in con-

nection with the intensification of the German trade drive since the Munich Agreement.

The various examples of the methods adopted by Dr. Schacht in his dealings with Southeastern European countries, quoted in the book under the headings of 'Central Europe Colonized,' 'The Modern Conquistador' and 'Imperialism Without Money,' should be sufficient to convince any open-minded person of the highly artificial character of the excessive German trade expansion in that part of the world, and to disprove the all-too-popular argument that German expansion in Southeastern Europe is a natural process. There are also instances calculated to cast doubt on the theory, endorsed by Mr. Chamberlain himself, that German commercial expansion tends to improve the standard of living in the countries concerned. The author quotes the example of the German purchase of Bulgarian tobacco in 1934. The price paid by Germany at first was very favorable, but since by re-exporting a large part of the tobacco the Germans managed to spoil the market for Bulgarian exporters, the latter were subsequently forced to sell to Germany at a very low price their otherwise unsaleable supplies.

While the factual material provided by the book is very valuable indeed, the author's interpretation of Dr. Schacht's character and policies suffers from his prejudiced attitude against the subject of his biography. The author fails to make it clear that the financial and commercial policies of Nazi Germany were not devised by Dr. Schacht, whose task was confined to the application of policies forced upon him. Dr. Schacht has always been and still is an orthodox banker at heart. It is a well-known fact that from 1934 onward he repeatedly asked Herr Hitler to relieve him of his duties, owing to his disapproval of heterodox Nazi policies. Since Herr Hitler made it plain to him, however, that the alternative to the Presidency of the Reichsbank and the Ministry of National Econ-

omy was the concentration camp, he had to carry on.

From the very outset he frequently expressed himself strongly against the Nazi financial policy of spending and the economic policy of autarchy. He carried out these policies much against his personal judgment, and must have been quite surprised when he found that his prophecies of collapse and chaos failed to materialize. It must be admitted, however, that, even though he remained at his post largely under compulsion, he carried out with remarkable skill the policies in which he did not believe.

Nor does the author do justice to Dr. Schacht's character. He lays too much stress upon Dr. Schacht's political opportunism and does not give him credit for the fact that under the Nazi régime he had the courage to take a highly unpopular attitude at the risk of his personal safety and possibly of his life. A man who in Nazi Germany dared to criticize officially approved policies to the extent to which Dr. Schacht did, until he was finally silenced toward the end of 1937, compels admiration even from his opponents. It is a pity that the author has missed the opportunity of enlivening the book by reproducing some of the outstanding examples of Dr. Schacht's delightful sense of humor. His jokes at the expense of various Nazi leaders and his biting sarcasm in his dealings with them must have contributed at least as much to his decline as the stubbornness with which he sought to resist heterodox Nazi economic and financial policy.

THE COMING FRENCH REVOLUTION

LIAISONS DU MONDE. By Léon Bopp.
Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française. 1938.

(Martin Maurice in *Lumière, Paris*)

IN HIS latest book Léon Bopp has embarked upon another 'mental adventure'—a term by which one critic has already characterized his type of novel.

This term is misleading: for the book is not one of those escapist novels in which the author's fancy slips the reins and departs for imaginary worlds. Rather it is a daring speculation based upon existing political and economic phenomena.

The assumption in this case is that there will be a revolution in France sometime before 1940—which gives us a year of grace. M. Bopp warns us besides that it will be a Communist revolution. This is something like the discovery of the body in the beginning of a mystery novel—in this case the corpse is, presumably, that of the bourgeois and capitalist society. The question that our novelist undertakes to answer, like any sleuth, is 'How did this come about?' He delves into the origins of the fictitious revolution. This task is one that requires considerable political and sociological background, which the author possesses in great degree. He paints for us the immense canvas of the present-day civilization, with France prominent in the foreground, in a 500-page introduction, no part of which was tiring to this reader.

The proposition is, as might be expected, that everything is in a chaotic state, that the old social structure is cracking and cannot last long. These are truisms that we have heard before. The originality of the work lies in the author's absorbing and meticulous presentation of the many scattered symptoms of decay. He has drawn on economics and politics, changing mores and rampant class war, religious movements and scientific uncertainties. It is an impressive inventory that gives an impression of being contributed to by Fustel de Coulanges, Taine, André Siegfried—and even *Paris-Soir*!

His views on the historical, geographic and intellectual interrelations of the world are seasoned with anecdotes, which, however, serve a purpose of their own. Some, though full of abundant detail, are still abstract: they deal with universal types, a small bourgeois, a victim of the depression, in short, Monsieur X. Others, much more piquant, descend to personalities and deal with the more celebrated scandals of our times. Under a not-impenetrable disguise we recognized such personages as Stavisky, Violette Nozières, Oscar Dufrenne and Oustric. These stories, which the author skilfully uses to illustrate his philosophy, are woven into the novel in a masterly way.

It is apparent that the author is a philosopher of the street rather than of the ivory tower. He will hold the attention of the general public in spite of his rather difficult subject and the style that tends to be repetitious, but that is relieved by many a biting analysis and scorching paragraph.

But this is only the introduction. What about the novel? the reader might ask. The truth is that the plot is quite submerged in the introduction and seems immaterial. One becomes so absorbed in M. Bopp's presentation of the existing conditions that it is with a shock that one comes back to his story of the fictitious revolution. One is inclined to treat it as the real thing and wonder about the value of the book as a piece of political research if the revolution is delayed or if it turns out to be something quite different from a Communist revolution. The answer is that any author has a right to make speculations about the future as long as they are plausible.

OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

AMERICA NOW. Edited by Harold E. Stearns. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1938. 606 pages. \$3.00.

IN 1922 Mr. Stearns edited a volume entitled *Civilization in the United States*, which created quite a stir as a manifesto of the young intellectuals. Most of the contributors, save Van Wyck Brooks, who wrote the excellent chapter on literature, have joined the minor mythology of the recent past. They had little to say and what they did say had more vigor than insight, and hence their volume sparkled briefly and then became ashes. But it did have symbolic value in that it brought together a welter of healthy intellectual ferment. It betrayed an appalling callowness compounded of ignorance and impatience, but it also gave expression to a yearning for something fine and a hope for the evidences of a freer, more dignified national life. The indisputably noble purpose which moved Sinclair Lewis to write *Babbitt*, published in the same year, also moved the contributors to *Civilization in the United States*.

Mr. Stearns's present compilation, though built on the same general plan as his previous one, differs from it immensely. Very few of the thirty-six contributors—ranging from John Chamberlain, who writes intelligently though hurriedly on contemporary letters, to Father Francis X. Talbot, who achieves a little masterpiece of obfuscation in his essay on 'Catholicism in America'—give the impression of having devoted much thought to their subjects. At least nine-tenths of the pieces read like so many feature articles in the Sunday supplement of a metropolitan newspaper, sloppy and hollow. One of them, Mr. Durstine's on advertising, makes almost no sense, but by far the most embarrassing things in the volume are the two by the editor, the Introduction and the chapter on 'The Intellectual Life.' Mr. Stearns offers it as his well-considered opinion that 'today the fellowship of men with each other . . . is not to be found in a narrow and inbred nationalism; and for civilized men, just as certainly, it is not to be found in race or in color. . . . Today, as always, the fellowship of men with each other is to be found in ideas, in a certain common point of view towards all problems.' As for contemporary culture, 'The

frontier may be closed but the utilization of our leisure is still limitless. We still have an intellectual horizon.'

In itself the present volume has no value save as a comment upon Mr. Stearns, whose development during the past fifteen years has symbolized the development of thousands of young men and women who hung on to his every enthusiasm when he lived in Lower Manhattan. Though he at no time had much talent, he used to have good impulses, and in the world of ideas knew the difference between tenderloin steak and cold oatmeal. At least, he never used to waver in the conviction that Eugene O'Neill was a better man than, say, Henry Ford. But now, it seems, he is not so sure. In the old days he would have sneered at the metaphysics of advertising; now he solicits a potentate in the craft to sing a hymn to it. In the old days he would have seen the fraud and pathos in most correspondence schools; now apparently he looks upon them as serious agencies of culture. In the old days he knew very well the sort of stuff that is carried in 'lending' libraries; now the thought of them fills him with joy, 'recalling Carlyle's words that, in our day, a true university is a collection of books.'

Once an interesting personality in a movement, which, for all its vagaries, did nourish or comfort Sinclair Lewis, the old *Smart Set* and Eugene O'Neill, Mr. Stearns has become a public figure—like Walter Lippmann, Charles Merz, Will Irwin, William Hard and hundreds of others. There is considerable significance in the 'rise' of all of them, and a half dozen good books remain to be written on it. Meanwhile one wonders whether Mr. Stearns and his colleagues are sleeping as well as many of their readers imagine.

—CHARLES ANGOFF

PEOPLE AT BAY: THE JEWISH PROBLEM IN EAST-CENTRAL EUROPE. By Oscar I. Janowsky. New York: Oxford University Press. 1938. 193 pages. \$1.75.

HIDDEN behind the headlines on Germany's persecution of the Jews lies a vaster and equally knotty problem—the problem of 5½ million Eastern European Jews, who have

long been subjected to much the same sort of treatment. In Poland, Rumania, Hungary and the other States situated between the hammer and sickle of the Soviets and the hooked cross of the Nazis these Jews face immediate degradation and eventual extinction. They are the victims of age-old prejudices; of economic nationalism and depression; of native chauvinism superheated by Nazi example and Nazi propaganda; of the need for scapegoats on whom to wreak the effects of reactionary domestic policy; of the growth of coöperatives superseding the old trading classes; and not least of their own weakness and disunity. The whole grisly tragedy, together with a first-rate analysis of its causes and possible remedies, is described in *People at Bay*, with a scholarly clarity rare in the consideration of such events.

Dr. Janowsky finds no single solution for the political, economic and educational discrimination which is slowly driving millions to the wall. For practical purposes and immediate rescue work the visions of the classless society and of complete assimilation are of no value. But there are palliatives. Charitable relief and assistance from abroad will continue. Emigration to Palestine and elsewhere may help to ease the strain. Without the coöperation of the governments involved, however, the Jewish problem will continue to exist in its unmitigated severity. As a constructive measure Dr. Janowsky suggests a united agency for all Eastern European Jews, to negotiate with the governments for a rational reconstruction of Jewish life in this area. The need for action increases as the rising tide of anti-Semitic measures bears out his warnings. *People at Bay* is unsurpassed as a source of information on this burning problem.

—DAVID H. POPPER

PEACE WITH THE DICTATORS? By Norman Angell. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1938. 291 pages. \$3.00.

MY PILGRIMAGE FOR PEACE. By George Lansbury. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 1938. 274 pages. \$2.50.

NORMAN ANGELL'S *Peace with the Dictators*? comes as a welcome antidote to the recent tortuous justifications of British policy. In this book, he shows the same intellectual honesty and sense of fairness which has marked all his writings since the days of *The Great Illusion*.

The case of peace with the dictators is presented as a symposium in which representatives of many sides state their case. The German representative talks the practical mysticism of the Leader, the Italian dwells in the historic past, while the Englishman examines all possible angles and effects of British policy. As a result, the author cannot be accused of partisan writing.

Nevertheless, the conclusion is inescapable. Peace with the dictators is a great illusion, although the Tories believe that it may be achieved in our time. The Tories act on the assumption that Communism is the greater danger, and to defeat the progress of revolution, they are willing to sacrifice traditional interests and positions to the Fascists. Every concession or appeasement, however, robs the British Empire of its means of defense. In the past, the maintenance of peace was assured by a hypothetical balance of power. That has been destroyed by the Tory concessions and the Germans have been accorded predominance on the Continent, a status which the World War was fought to prevent.

The British have justified their retreat by the Nazi method of condemning Versailles. The settlement of 1919 has been torn up on the grounds that it was immoral and unjust. That may be true, but in revising it, the totalitarian States have created many new Versailles. Each scheme of appeasement creates new grievances and breeds new dictators, with the result that the Tory policy of 'peace in our time' turns out to be a vicious myth.

The policy of Fascism aims at the destruction of the means of defense in other states. It leaves the British Empire with the narrow choice of isolation or collective security. To choose the former would give victory to the Fascists and death to the Empire. The choice of the latter would involve associations and responsibilities which the Tory ruling class does not care to incur. Yet, says Angell, if peace is to be maintained, then peace must be defended. The only defense of the interests of democratic peoples lies in the formation of a defensive confederation of States, strong enough in the conviction that peace is desirable to be willing to resist Fascist violence.

It is revealing to turn from Angell's clear and honest book to George Lansbury's *My Pilgrimage for Peace*. The pilgrimage was to all non-Communist countries, but not necessarily in the interests of peace. Described as 'the grand

old man' of the British Labor movement, he supplies the answer why there is no effective opposition to Fascism in England. He resigned the leadership of the Labour Party rather than invoke sanctions against Italy. When he visited Hitler and Mussolini, he paid them abject lip-service, and found in them such deep strains of Christian love that he can explain their persecution of unlike peoples only by the wickedness of Jews and Communists.

If George Lansbury advocates appeasement to insure peace, how does he explain the way appeasement has served as a bounty for aggression since 1931? Can he not see that his brand of humble and resigned pacifism creates a Fifth Column in all democratic States? If he wishes to apply Christian ethics to the international order, let him do what Lenin told him to do in 1919—go home and convert the Christians.

—FRANCIS WILLIAMSON

WHITMAN. *By Newton Arvin. New York: Macmillan Company. 1938. \$2.75. 312 pages.*

WHITMAN has long been considered the most democratic of the American poets. But he lived at a period when the concept of democracy was nebulous, and his own bent for mysticism, however stimulating, tended to increase the ambiguity. Since those critics who did not dismiss him as vulgar shared his own attitudes, they have accomplished little more than the translation of his mysticism into prose. Professor Arvin accepts the general verdict, but since he adopts a better critical method, he is able to clarify, I believe for the first time, what democracy meant to Whitman in terms of specific programs and practical activities.

Professor Arvin, therefore, does not set out to explain in the usual fashion Whitman's debt to Emerson by making the central problem the definition of the poet's egoism. Whatever insight into the poet's egoism may be desirable comes as a by-product of an inquiry into more tangible subjects. Professor Arvin is interested to find out what precisely Whitman believed about the great contemporary questions of political struggle and economic development, what attitude the poet took towards the Civil War and the growth of industrialization. And since Whitman has often been called a Socialist, Professor Arvin avails himself of the charge to set the poet's attitudes against the clearer conceptions that prevail today. But in apply-

ing our contemporary measuring-rod, he is most careful never to overstate the case, but rather to discover the point as definitely as possible where Whitman left the specific concept and lapsed into ambiguity. If he can quite definitely show that Whitman was a Jacksonian until the end of the Civil War, he is frank to admit that thereafter the poet's political ideas became as vague and inconsistent as the average Americans'. He understood no better than they did the new conflict between political democracy and economic individualism.

In the field of economics, indeed, Whitman, according to Arvin, was never at home. He accepted the principle of individual initiative and believed it would result in the 'Socialism' of a high standard of living for every American. But he was more perceptive than the average American in admitting immediate shortcomings, in recognizing widespread poverty and inequality of opportunity. Perhaps in this connection Professor Arvin somewhat underestimates Whitman's interest and confidence in the settlement of the West as a corrective measure, and, indeed, as an activity to be applauded on what would now be called imperialistic grounds. But Professor Arvin is certainly right in giving the emphasis to Whitman's extraordinary understanding of the American workman. He saw Western expansion as the work of a vigorous proletariat, and justified it accordingly. He was the poet of the proletariat in his period who realized for us their rugged strength, their sense of fraternity, their confidence in the future as well as their delusions about it. Whitman's obscurities were those of the class he represented. But to realize these facts, we have had to wait for the patient research, the clear discriminations, and the pleasant readability of Professor Arvin's book.

—EDWIN BERRY BURGUM

MARCH OF THE IRON MEN; A SOCIAL HISTORY OF UNION THROUGH INVENTION. *By Roger Burlingame. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons. 1938. 500 pages. \$3.75.*

THE intimate functional relationship between 'technics and civilization' has been vividly dramatized for us by Lewis Mumford. Long before the appearance of Mr. Mumford's study, the idea of history as a broadly ranging social process involving invention and technology had been discussed, with great learning and skill by such authorities as Paul Mantoux, Roland Usher and Witt Bowden. And still

earlier, in a seldom-quoted footnote to *Das Kapital*, Karl Marx had pleaded for 'a critical history of technology' that would show the close tie between the productive forces of society and the politico-economic character of the time.

Mr. Burlingame, who is neither a trained historian nor a professional economist, has tried to tell us the story of the growth and development of the United States until the Civil War in terms of our technical achievements, in the belief that 'the factor of technological invention' is of primary importance in our history. The result is an absorbing narrative of human ingenuity and resourcefulness, beginning with the handicraft and artisan techniques of the colonial period and ending with the clumsy forerunners of high-speed automatic machinery in the fields of telegraphy, transportation, news-gathering—and armament.

The author's main theme is that each great period—colonial, revolutionary, pioneer, expansion and individualist—has strengthened the unity of the country through the operation of certain outstanding technical and social inventions. Heading the list, as we might expect, is the giant figure of Benjamin Franklin, whose 'Pennsylvania stove' was but one of many devices for the conquest of our environment. A chapter on the 'Pennsylvania rifle,' the work of canny German-American immigrant artisans, has a curious resemblance to the deeds of the Loyalist soldiers in Spain today. The iron and steel industry, Eli Whitney and his cotton gin; the steamboat era; railroads, agriculture; the telegraph, telephone, newspaper presses and the beginnings of mass production on the basis of the 'interchangeable parts' system first worked out by Whitney in the manufacture of rifles for the American government—all these, and many other fascinating details of Yankee inventiveness, are woven into a narrative of considerable vigor and decided literary charm.

The author's terminal point—1865—of necessity leaves the most exciting part of the story untold. The automobile, aviation, the cinema; virtually the whole of our chemical industry; radio, and television are not touched upon, except in a passing. Nor does the oil industry—which began in 1859—receive proper treatment. A further criticism is Mr. Burlingame's neglect of the deeper-lying political and economic factors. And surely it is unscientific

to speak of the Negroes as having slavery 'in their blood,' to eulogize the 'fine old traditions' of Southern slave-owners and to suggest that 'the women and children seem to have enjoyed' America's first factory systems in New England?

Mr. Burlingame, for all his defects as a historian and a thinker, has written an admirable story of how one great nation has tried to 'invent' its way out of chaos and hardship into order and abundance.

—HAROLD WARD

RESIDENTIAL QUARTER. By Louis Aragon. Translated by Haakon M. Cbevalier. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1938. 505 pages. \$2.50.

MAN'S HOPE. By André Malraux. Translated from the French by Stuart Gilbert and Alastair Macdonald. New York: Random House. 1938. 511 pages. \$2.50.

VIGOROUS translations have made available to the American public two novels which are unquestionably their author's best, and to the equal to which one can hardly find in the work of France's post-war generation. Of the two, *Residential Quarter* is perhaps the more remarkable.

Aragon, born in 1895 and Malraux's senior by six years, was much slower in finding himself. He long frittered away time and talent on dadaism and clever trifles before he turned to political action, less spectacular than that of Malraux but just as effective. He thrust away from him what he himself calls 'that cloud-wrought work that I leave behind me,' and in token of the change gives the collective title of *The Real World* to this book, and to *The Bells of Basel*, which preceded it, and the works promised for the future. This world, of an acrid reality, is that of France in the years just before the war, in Paris and Sérénne-le-Vieux. Aragon gives a memorable picture of this southern town and of its respectable people; rotten with greed, lust and cruelty. Most of his characters he hates with a hatred like flame. But his treatment of the simple folk, the workers, the boy Armand who escapes from both his home and his class is sympathetic and understanding. Many episodes in this book of days of peace, such as the fair at Sérénne, are as tensely exciting as any of Malraux's admirable scenes of battle. If the writer can keep to the level of this throbbing and violent book, his cycle may be the great prose epic of our time.

Good as was *Man's Fate*, its successor, *Man's Hope*, is still better. If the structure of the new book is less certain, it is free from the mystic obscurities and the too complicated psychology that at times blurred the other work. Not that the men in this novel are simple souls, but that the need for action has momentarily resolved their doubts; and in the discussions of revolutionary theory, which form frequent interludes, Malraux himself displays a new clarity. The author describes true happenings, many of which he witnessed, in some of which he took part, from the Fascists' failure in Barcelona, down through the siege of the Alcazar and the earlier fighting on the Madrid front. Actual persons, sometimes under their own names, mingled with the people of the novelist's invention. For all the immediacy of men and events, this brilliant record of them is no mere journalism. All have passed through an unflinching creative mind and come forth translated to the plane of art.

—D'ELBERT KEENAN

WORLD OF ACTION. By *Valentine Williams*.
Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1938.
430 pages. \$3.75.

THIS latest addition to the abundant flow of journalists' memoirs unquestionably ranks high among the more interesting products of its type. Yet it is difficult to become excited over it, for there is an undeniable sameness to the make-up and contents of such works. As one reads more and more of them, one cannot help but feel, with envy, that all good journalist-authors seem to be supermen, having certain outstanding characteristics in common: they are endowed with great intelligence, with an almost infallible prescience (the exception merely proving the rule), and with a wisdom as mellow as it is tolerant. They have an amazing ability to remember what they or their acquaintances did or said two score years and more ago, with or without benefit of notes or diaries. They become much exercised over 'scoops' which, to the layman, as often as not seem to cost much more in effort and money than they are worth. And they like to adopt an air of 'letting' their lucky readers 'in on the little secrets' which they know about the great or the near-great.

But now that I have had my say on such reminiscences in general, I wish to repeat that *World of Action*, from the points of view of content and skill in presentation, is a leader in its

field and deserving of wide circulation. The period covered is from 1900 to 1935 and the area traversed includes Europe, North Africa and the United States. Coming of a 'Reuter Family,' Mr. Williams began his newspaper work at eighteen, eventually becoming chief war correspondent for Lord Northcliffe, owner of the *Daily Mail*. In this capacity the author was much irritated by the censorship activities of the military staff. Eventually he resigned in disgust and enlisted in the Irish Guards. Shell-shocked and wounded, he left the newspaper field but continued to travel extensively and soon also achieved distinction as a writer of mystery thrillers—his star amateur sleuth being Mr. H. B. Treadgold, West End tailor. Mr. Williams' sketches of pre-War diplomacy and society, especially in Berlin, are excellently done and he records some keen observations on the attitudes of Britishers and Germans toward each other.

The chapters entitled 'America: Miracle' and 'America: Close-Up' are exceptionally entertaining and achieve an accuracy that is in sharp contrast to the quality of the contributions of some other Europeans, who crowned their 'breezy' trips to the United States with 'windy' essays on their misimpressions. It is gratifying, finally, to be able to report that Mr. Williams is satisfied to tell his story for the sake of the story, without, either obviously or subtly, trying to convert anyone to anything.

—WALTER CONSUELO LANGSAM

A HISTORY OF MEXICO. By *Henry Bamford Parkes*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1938. 432 pages. \$3.75.

MR. PARKES has essayed the formidable task of compressing Mexico's history—the most colorful and dramatic of any in the New World—into one volume. Starting with the origins of the Mayas and Aztecs, he carries his story up to present days, where it rests with the expropriation of foreign oil companies by President Cárdenas. Eschewing the romanticizing so often indulged in where Mexico is concerned, he tells his story with a restraint that seldom permits even a stray quotation to give a dash of Mexican sauce to his terse prose. It is essentially a political history, giving in brief but readable form a background for those trying to understand our apparently unfathomable neighbor.

—EARLE K. JAMES

THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1938

The Tragedy

which has overwhelmed not only Jews, but also Catholics and Protestants in Germany, is of so vast a scope that the aid of various governments has become a matter of vital importance. This fact has become widely recognized. Meantime private philanthropy must do what may be possible in this emergency. Many people throughout the United States have evinced a desire through proper channels to give aid to the sufferers.

We, therefore, deem it appropriate to announce that the undersigned organizations are in the field rendering succor. We are urgently in need of funds to carry on this work of humanity. Checks should be forwarded to any one or more of the undersigned organizations, to be expended by them respectively.

This statement is made for the information of countless Americans who are eager to give immediate aid, pending the development and announcement of plans for permanent settlement for the refugees.

**American Jewish
Joint Distribution Committee**

*100 E. 42d Street, New York City
LExington 2-5200*

**Committee for Catholic
Refugees from Germany**

*123 Second Street, New York City
ORchard 7-0776*

**American Committee for
Christian German Refugees**

*287 Fourth Ave., New York City
STuyvesant 9-4580*

United Palestine Appeal

*111 Fifth Ave., New York City
ALgonquin 4-2640*

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THE GUIDE POST

(Continued)

of democracy,' says Robert Aron, a well-known French journalist in his article, 'Democracy under Fire.' According to him, democracy has failed most signally in one of its most fundamental institutions, the Parliament, which has never represented the people adequately. [p. 441]

NOT the least of the problems that Great Britain has to solve is the plight of her shipbuilding industry, which is being severely hit by subsidized foreign competition. An intensive campaign is now being carried on to induce Government action, since a further decline in shipbuilding activities would have a cumulative effect not only in the shipbuilding industry but also in many other industries. Sir Archibald Hurd, prominent British naval expert, whose latest book was on *The Eclipse of British Sea Power*, deals with this problem in the article entitled 'Britain's Vanishing Armada.' [p. 445]

LORD HAILEY, the author of 'Scrutiny of Africa' [p. 449], has just published a comprehensive study of the problems arising in Africa south of the Sahara, entitled *An African Survey* (Oxford University Press). In Great Britain, the book has been acclaimed as a classic in its field, indispensable to any student of African conditions and problems. Lord Hailey has held many important Government offices in India and has based his survey to a large extent on his Indian experiences. Vernon Barber, in an article entitled 'A Colonial Views with Alarm,' gives a vivid picture of the apprehensive mood and disillusionment of those British subjects who live in the colonies and dominions. They deeply deplore the

Munich Settlement and fear that their ultimate doom is sealed, should Britain agree to Germany's colonial demands. [p. 452]

FREYA STARK, a well-known writer and explorer, recently spent a winter in the land of the Hadhramaut in Arabia, where she studied the customs of the natives. The report she submitted to the Royal Geographic Society about conditions in Southern Arabia was highly praised. This article, however, deals with the lighter side—social customs and fashions of the picturesque natives. [p. 456]

IN OUR miscellaneous group we reprint an editorial from the London *Times*, deprecating the emergence of a new English word [p. 460]; a story about the rapid progress of Lapland, which only a short time ago was undeveloped and backward [p. 461]; and a colorful account about a British painter's difficult and sometimes dangerous experiments in submarine painting. [p. 463]

THE first of our 'Persons' this month is quiet little Ismet Pasha (dubbed 'General Inonu' after a victory he won) who has taken the late Kemal Ataturk's place. [p. 434] There are freaks in many lands. France has its bicycle-riding Philibert. Here in the United States we have had that premature jitterbug, Zioncheck; and the present Governor of Texas was elected on the basis of his hillbilly band. Leo Frenssen, lately elected to the Antwerp City Council, a firm believer in social technocracy and athletics, is Belgium's contribution to this club of distinguished cranks. [p. 435] The last sketch deals with that grand old man of Ireland, W. B. Yeats, who has put his mark on Irish drama and poetry. [p. 438]